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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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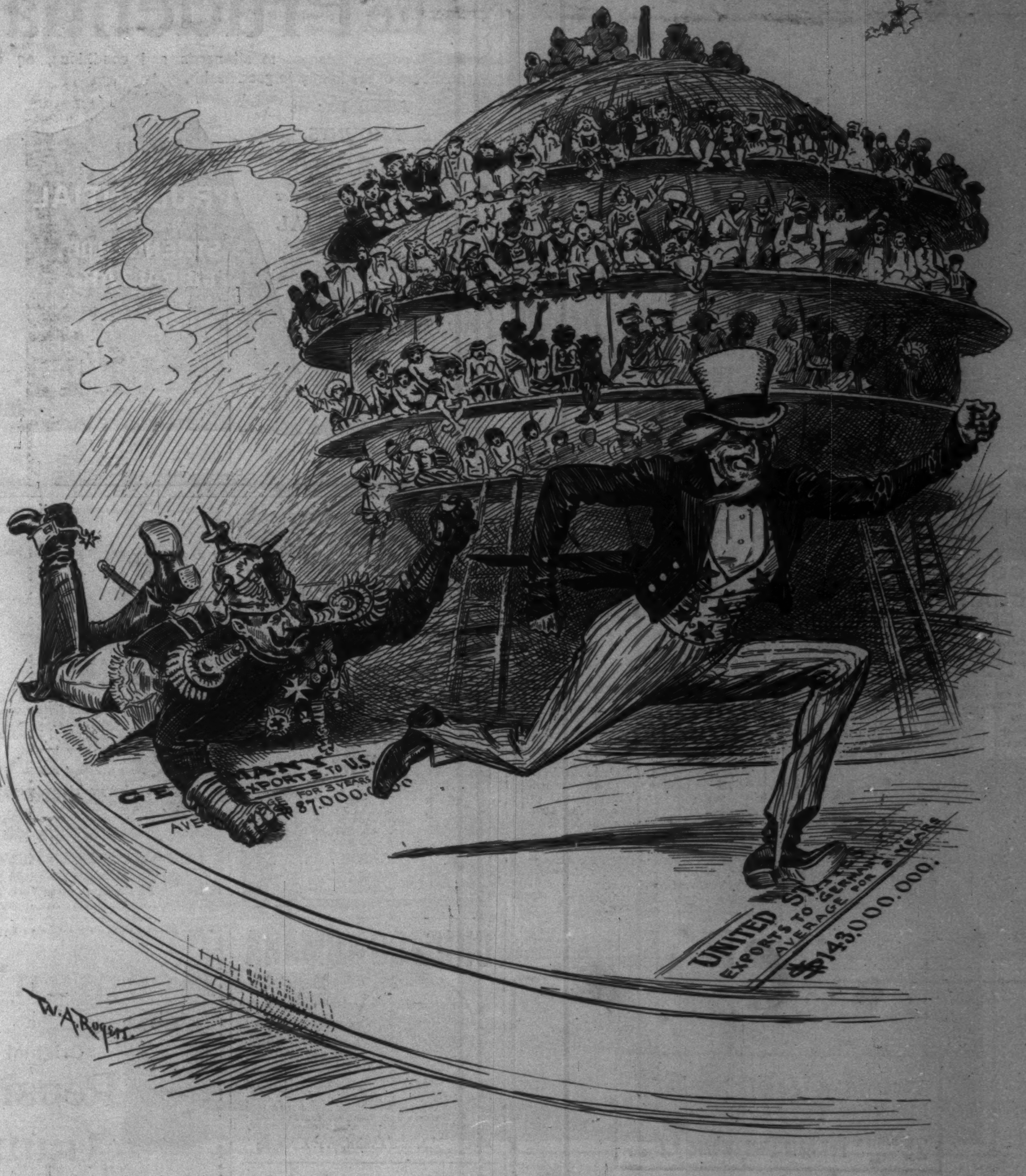
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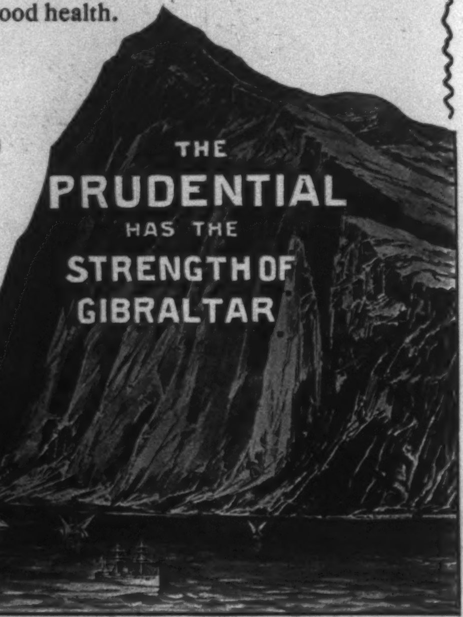

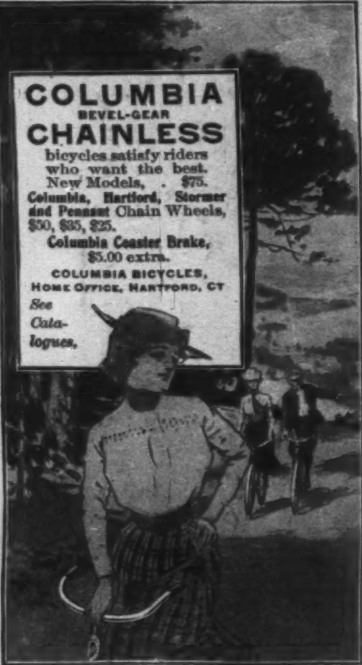

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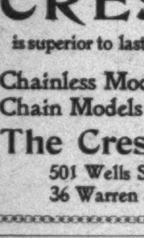

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No. 2267
HARPER'S WEEKLY
June 2
1900

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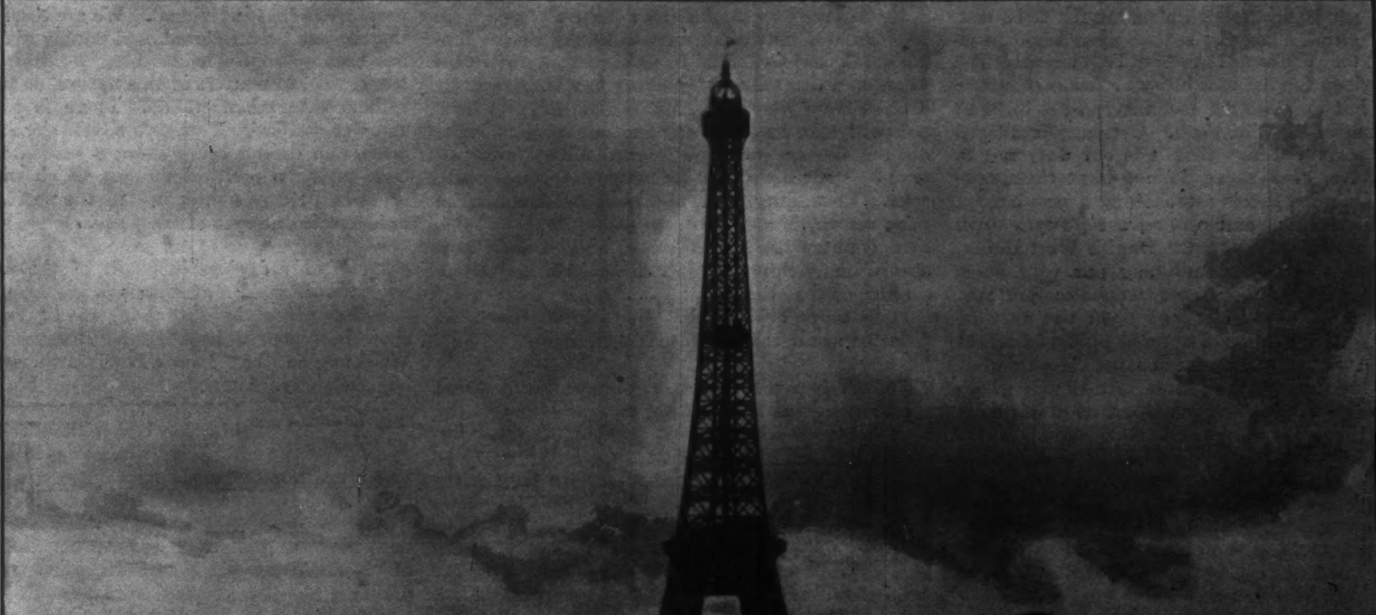

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

VIEW OF THE EIFFEL TOWER AND CHAMP DE MARS FROM A TOWER OF THE TROCADÉRO PALACE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 2, 1900

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Germany and the United States

THE war-cloud people are at it again, and this time it is Germany to whom the finger of destiny points as the foe to be met, either upon the sea or upon some territory convenient to both belligerents. The reasons given for the possibility of this conflict are various, but the Monroe doctrine appears to be at the bottom of most of them. Germany is alleged to want certain things that it is our duty not to let her have, even if we do not want them ourselves. One day she is establishing a new empire in South America, and casting sheep's-eyes upon Brazil; another she wants the Danish West Indies, and proposes to buy them under our very noses and in despite of our most emphatic protests. Great statesmen wax eloquent upon the duty of the hour, and ministers of state at public banquets throw out awful hints of unnamed dangers that confront us through the hatred of a nation which has provided us with a large proportion of our most progressive and enlightened citizenship. Naturally enough, the leaven of sense in the national lump is so great that not even the stock-market has responded to these alarmist cries, and men and women have gone about their business day after day as calmly and as complacently as if this terrible Kaiser over the sea were not preparing to wipe us off the face of the earth. Something more practical was required to fire the imagination to the point where the bogie-man of Europe could frighten us poor innocents on this side of the water, and it was immediately forth-coming in two sections, one connected directly with the craft of war, the other with the every-day business of life. From one quarter came the announcement that Dewey wished he had blown the German fleet at Manila out of the water—a statement which carries with it its own contradiction, since if Dewey had wanted to do this thing he would have done it forthwith; and from another came the interesting report of Consul-General Mason at Berlin predicting a trade war between the two nations, in which tariff walls are to be bombarded by paralyzing schedules to such a degree that the results will stagger humanity.

Of all these various causes for a quarrel between ourselves and the father-land the last appears to be the most reasonable, and the kind of retaliation proposed the most sensible. We should much prefer a tariff war to one involving the sacrifice of much treasure and many lives, and the sooner it begins the better, for there can be but one issue. Uncle Sam commercially has got what the vulgar call a move on, and with the resources back of him can view with equanimity any measure which Germany, or any other nation, may choose to take to hold him back. His speed may be somewhat impeded temporarily, but no single nation, nor any combination of nations which is at all likely, can stop him. Any effort to interfere with his commercial growth must in the end work to the positive detriment of those who would stand in his way, and the sooner Germany tries it, the more quickly shall we reach the ultimate and inevitable adjustment upon a living basis for all.

Mr. Mason's contribution to consular literature is a notable one, and he is entitled to the highest praise for his exceedingly instructive and valuable report. It is a positive pleasure to find in the consular service of the United States a man who thinks and who is sufficiently familiar with his own language to place the results of his observations clearly and convincingly before his countrymen.

The Consul and the Ambassador

IN moments of foolish agitation and of silly war talk a report such as that presented by Consul-General Mason should be quoted fairly and impartially. A report suggesting perilous conditions without a remedy is useless. Mr. Mason's document is all the more valuable because of the paragraphs in which he says that "what most enlightened thinkers expect, or at least hope for, is that out of all these mutations will come a broad, liberal, comprehensively framed treaty, or series of treaties, between the United States and Germany, in which all the vexed and irritating questions relating to naturalized citizenship, countervailing duties, and port charges on vessels shall be regulated, and liberal justice to imports of food products be secured by reciprocal concessions and embodied in permanent conventions between the two countries. Rivals and competitors in foreign fields—South America, Africa, and Asia—the Union and the German Empire will always be, but this is no reason why the two nations should not be, in their direct relations with each other, harmonious and mutually considerate, and this result can be in no way so effectively promoted as by an intelligent revision of obsolete treaties and their adjustment to modern requirements and conditions."

Re-enforced by Ambassador White's speech on May 22 to a visiting delegation at the Berlin Embassy, Consul-General Mason's written statement takes on a new value. Speaking to a body recently arrived from New York, Mr. White said: "I trust you will take back a firm determination to resist all the demagogues and sensationalists who attempt to stir up ill feeling between the two countries. Your duty here now and in America on your return, is to help to promote the knowledge each country has of the other, and to show how absurd many things are which are said in the one country of the other."

It is quite evident that the United States of America are well represented in Germany.

A Commendable Movement

THAT is a very commendable movement which is reported to be taking definite shape in the West, by which a vast amount of wheat for export, instead of being sent to and shipped from New York, is to be diverted to certain Gulf ports and then sent abroad from there. The trade interests of the metropolis are so vast and so various that New York can very well afford to let some of her sister cities win away a portion of her commerce, and if by this means there shall come about a more general distribution of the nation's prosperity, we shall all be the better off. Anything which tends to realize the possibilities of sections of the country which need only enterprise and opportunity to become large commercial centres makes more compact, and therefore gives greater strength to, the country at large. If it should happen, then, that New York's loss—a slight one at most—shall prove of great benefit to Galveston, or any other Gulf port, the New-Yorker should, and undoubtedly will, view with equanimity and even satisfaction the movement that brings the situation about. There is work enough to be done to keep us all busy and prosperous, and the more business and prosperity we have on our hands the less time and inclination will we have for the manifestation of petty jealousies and mutual mistrust.

The Envoys and the Gold Brick

OUR distinguished visitors the Boer envoys have probably learned by this time what a gold brick is, for most assuredly that is what was presented to them on their arrival in this country, and we must confess we think it too bad that such estimable gentlemen, on so worthy though futile an errand, should be so victimized. To be received as they were with brass bands, and a polyglot commitee, with resolutions from the Municipal Assembly and an urbane speech from the Chesterfieldian Mayor of the greatest city in the land, to be driven about the streets and gaped at by the nations of earth as represented by the cosmopolitan citizenship of New York, must have induced the thought in their minds that everything was going their way, and that their mission needed only to be stated to win success. And then on top of this to find that the brass bands were not of our best, that the polyglot committee was self-appointed, and so rent with internal dissension that it cannot be said even to represent itself, and that the urbane speech of the Chesterfieldian Mayor might have been thrice as urbane and a million times as long and still signified nothing, must have proved a rude awakening. It was a poor trick to play upon these well-meaning gentlemen, and we hope the time will come when those back of it will be duly ashamed of themselves and apologize.

Meanwhile the real authorities are showing our visitors all due consideration. They are treating them courteously and with proper sympathy for their high-minded and patriotic motives, but they are not offering them any gold bricks, as did the Mayor of New York and his precious aides in the recent spectacular performance at the City Hall. It is easy to see who are the real friends of the envoys.

The New Hero

A NEW hero has appeared in the person of the late Colonel and now Major-General Baden-Powell, of Mafeking. Major-General Baden-Powell seems to be a good deal of a man. He is a first-class fighting-man, like Mr. Kipling's friend Fuzzy-Wuzzy, a most excellent executive officer, and a highly commendable chairman of the entertainment committee of the Beleaguered Mafekingites. Here is a rare combination of desirable qualities, and while we never expect to encounter the perfect man, we have a sort of notion that Baden-Powell approximates that individual. We are therefore glad that he has been relieved, and doubly glad that he has been promptly honored by the authorities at home, who, in matters of this nature, do their work rather better than we do. There is no controversy about Baden-Powell's advancement, and his promotion cannot bring about a scandalous agitation having a political animus which will sooner or later become a disgrace to the service and a nuisance in the eyes of the people.

The Laureate, and Another

THE only deplorable result of the raising of the siege of Mafeking was the inspiration it has given the Poet Laureate of England to show how poor a hack is the Pegasus he rides. We imagine that Baden-Powell himself, when he reads Mr. Austin's lines about his achievement, will feel sorry that Mafeking has been relieved. There is, after all, something in life beside which death hath no terrors.

It is not without interest at this time to revert to some observations which Mr. Austin once made as the result—to use his own words—of "a confidence not the growth of yesterday, but of long, deliberate, and ever-deepening conviction." Writing in 1870 on the subject of Tennyson, Mr. Austin challenged the then Laureate's title to be considered a great poet. He thought it worth while to do this because "*the vulgar suppose that nobody for a moment dreams of challenging it. I,*" he continues, with fine contempt for the vulgar, "*am going not only to challenge it, but to deny it altogether, and to implore the age whilst there is yet time to save itself by a seasonable recantation from the posthumous ridicule and contempt in which a conventional persistence in an untenable opinion of permanent interest will necessarily involve it.*" Further on Mr. Austin concludes a glowing paragraph, still speaking of the greatness of Tennyson, with the words, "*This is the opinion I challenge and denounce—the opinion that will make posterity shriek with laughter and flout us with scorn.*"

Well, posterity has arrived, and it is shrieking with laughter, and it is flouting with scorn. So far the poet was prophetic enough to please anybody, but he made one mistake. He got his Laureates mixed. Tennyson is not the one at whom the public shriek with laughter, or whom they flout with scorn.

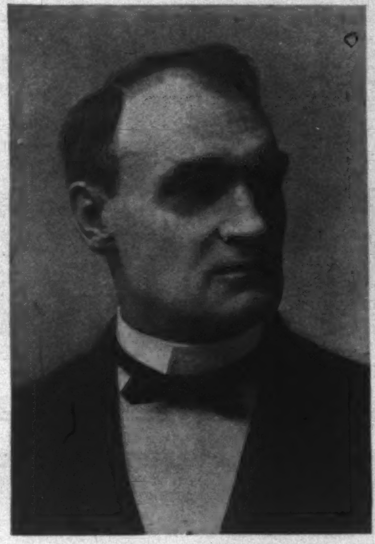
The man they are after is the creature who rhymes "Blench meant" with "Intrenchment"—who wrote of Mafeking, not of Balaklava. Yet with all his faults we love him still—the stiller the better—for he is a benefactor. With Alfred Austin as the standard of the poetic, life itself from highest to lowest is poetry, sweet and clear and beautiful, with never a discordant note until the Laureate himself chooses to sound his lyre. Beside Mr. Austin, Mayor Van Wyck is a very minstrel, bubbling over with songs of sweetness and light.

Meanwhile,

> The war goes on without abatement,
> Whate'er it was the Laureate meant.

HOW·THE·GOLD·RESERVE ·WAS·SAVED·

·BY·JOHN·PAUL·BOCOCK·



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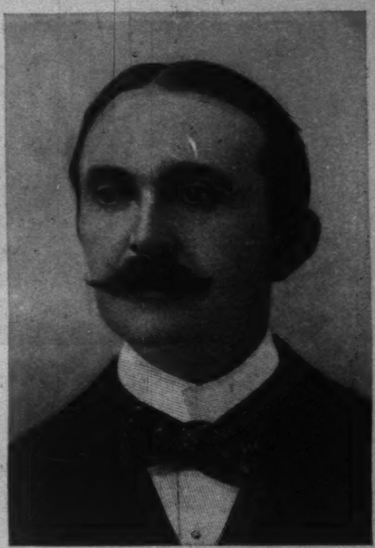


·AUGUST·BELMONT·

THE TRUE STORY OF A REMARKABLE EPISODE IN THE SECRET HISTORY OF WALL STREET

IT was fortunate that nobody suspected the business which brought to the Sub-Treasury that January day the three men who, one at a time, walked briskly up the great stone steps, past the famous bronze Washington, and were shown into the little room at the left of the entrance. All the more fortunate because it was not they who were in imminent danger; their assailants, as yet, confined themselves to epithets, such as "thieves," "robbers," and "traitors," and were, in the main, no nearer than Washington. Secrecy was absolutely essential, however, to the successful transaction of the business in hand. Nor was there ever in the whole history of this money centre of the American continent, they believed, an affair of greater public importance than that upon which they were bent. Its gravity, its delicacy, alike demanded the highest effort of intellect, experience, and courage.

The result of their labors has passed into history—an achievement then unprecedented; since then, unnecessary. The means by which that result was obtained, the remarkable expedient employed, their very words—for words take on new meanings in emergencies—are here for the first time publicly recorded.

Once inside the Sub-Treasury, the three visitors were welcomed by the Hon. Conrad N. Jordan, Assistant Treasurer of the United States, chief financial officer in New York of the mighty government whose weakness was now to be revealed.

"I think I can hold out till Saturday," he said to them, "and I so notified Washington yesterday."

It was already Thursday afternoon, January 31, and holding out meant staving off a panic so disastrous, both at home and abroad, as to make Black Friday's a back number. The two men to whom their government was now appealing were nominally private citizens. The Hon. William Edmond Curtis, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, had come over from Washington to make that appeal in person. He and Mr. Jordan represented a nation of seventy millions; the others, private citizens, represented something that the nation needed—how badly nobody else suspected—and which, with all its resources, the nation seemed just then unable to get elsewhere.

They were alike, these two, in imperturbability and in nothing else. The smaller was of medium height, black-haired and black-eyed, of a sombre, smooth-shaven countenance, clad habitually in black. Not yet forty-five years of age, he was the second bearer of a name powerful in finance, in politics, in the drawing-room, and on the race-course. The early possession of millions had left no mark of dissipation on his features. He held a cablegram in his hand.

It was to his associate in this arduous affair that the eyes of a spectator would have turned instinctively, so forceful was the personality of the elder and more massive figure. The short gray hair that lay close to the sides of his head, thinning towards the top, the ruddy complexion, the broad shoulders, the deep chest, were impressive; but they would be forgotten under the fiery, penetrating glance of his hazel eyes. There lay the key-note of the man's power, as speedily made evident.

"Congress has refused us its help," said the suave, bearded Assistant Secretary. "If the gold reserve is not immediately replenished, national bankruptcy must come, and at once. Will you undertake to supply the gold?"

"I feel in duty bound to do so," said Pierpont Morgan.

"And I will do my part," said August Belmont.

Now Wall Street is the most sensitive spot on the continent. Had a passer-by, at this moment, surmised what was going on in the Sub-Treasury, the steps from which Washington delivered his Farewell Address would have been packed and jammed in five minutes with men, whose excitement would have spread, in five minutes more, to the doors, less than a hundred yards away, of the Stock Exchange, upon whose floor those who had lost everything but honor were even then fighting a losing battle. And then would have fallen the climacteric blow.

The situation in the financial centre, the solar plexus of the New World, was at the moment without precedent. For many weeks there had been in the air a vague uneasiness, portending national disaster. It was not a question of any one man failing, of any one clique going to the wall, of the smash of industrials or the liquidation of traction stocks, or even of such a smash of the whole stock list as would wreck homes by the hundred and banks by the score and speculators by the thousand. The gold reserve had been steadily depleted, until the very nation itself, its financial officers agreed, was now on the verge of dishonoring to the world the pledge that "coin" in the greenbacks and government bonds meant "gold," a pledge made known to the world at the time of the resumption of specie payments.

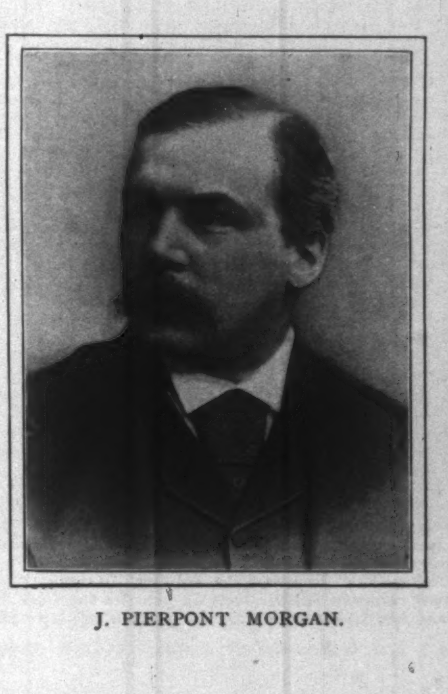
In this apprehension the four men who had met, at this the psychological moment, concurred. It was their secret; the suggestion of its existence to the Street would have sufficed to precipitate the disaster they were straining every nerve to avert.

The newspapers in New York and in London were beginning to be alive to the situation; for New York and London were the terminals of the transatlantic tide of gold whose ebb was stranding the United States, in the opinion of the money experts. The *Herald* of the 28th had announced the President's forth-coming financial message under these head-lines:

> "*On the Brink of a Cataract.*"
>
> "*Bankruptcy and Depreciated Currency Threatened unless Congress Acts at Once.*"

Editorially it had declared, "If Congress even at this late date will authorize a popular loan....for the maintenance of the gold reserve....the crisis will be averted."

The London *Standard* of the same date said, "The States are likely at no distant day to find themselves head and ears in debt."



J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

Barely three days had elapsed, and this cheerful prediction had been so overflowingly fulfilled that the Assistant Secretary and the Assistant Treasurer knew Mr. Morgan was speaking the truth when he said, in Mr. Jordan's office that morning,

"If I were to come here now with ten millions in gold certificates, I couldn't collect them in gold!"

The coin in the relatively small remainder of the gold reserve in New York was *more than represented* by outstanding gold certificates, the rest of the reserve being in fine gold bars, and therefore not available for the obligations of the government.

Of the outer world, he and Mr. Belmont alone realized the desperate straits in which the national government found itself, with its credit based on a gold reserve of $100,000,000, which had dribbled down to less than eight millions in available gold coin in the Sub-Treasury in New York. They were keeping this knowledge to themselves, and holding back the deluge.

But the inner circle of the official world—that is to say, the President and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General, and the Sub-Treasurer at New York—not only realized the deadly imminence of a frightful disaster, but had been for days straining every governmental resource to fight it off. Early in the month Secretary Carlisle had given orders that the gold coin in the Sub-Treasuries in Chicago and San Francisco should be transferred to the Sub-Treasury in New York—the sluice-gate through which those elemental forces, the balance of trade, the price of gold in London, the under-valuation of imports, the vast aggregate of American gold scattered abroad by American tourists, forced the golden flow Eastward, no matter what resolutions were passed by the House or speeches of indignation were made in the Senate.

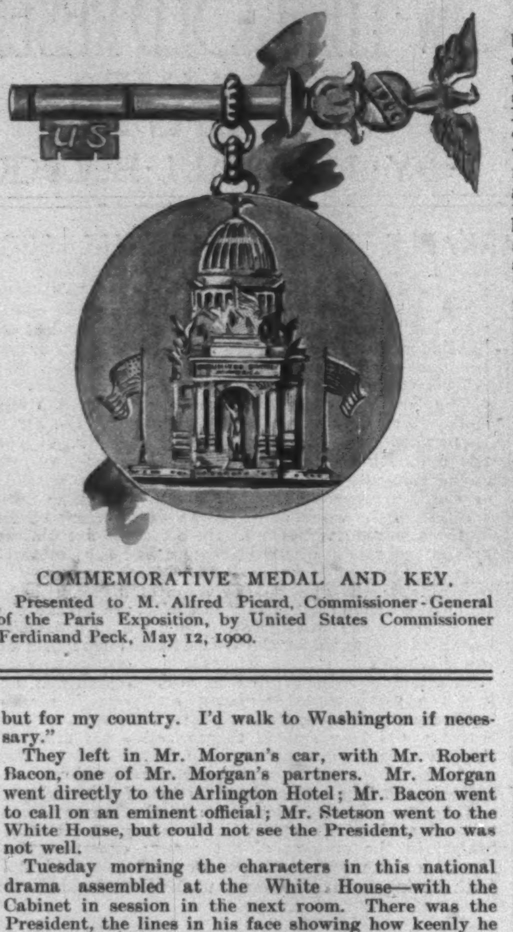
These facts were in the minds of the four who met in the Sub-Treasury. If Senator Jones of Nevada had not been prevented by a business engagement in New York from attending the meeting of the Senate Committee on Finance on Tuesday, January 29, a bill for the unlimited free coinage of silver would by the help of his vote have been favorably reported to the Senate of the United States. That very day more than three millions of gold was withdrawn from the Sub-Treasury in New York for export to Europe. The exporters were denounced by Congressmen from silver constituencies—for the genius and patriotism of the country were evenly divided on this great question—with a Western luxuriance suggestive not only of righteous indignation, but also of sage-brush and hanging-bees; but the golden outflow went on just the same. Wednesday, January 30, $3,951,740 was withdrawn for export, and the government was forced to turn for help from the Congress in Washington to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Belmont in New York. For the slender remnant of the gold reserve would be gone, at this rate, in forty-eight hours. More than forty-three millions had been withdrawn in the past thirty days.

"So Congress will not act on the President's recommendation that Secretary Carlisle be authorized to issue bonds?" asked Mr. Belmont of Mr. Curtis.

"Congress so far refuses to authorize a bond issue," replied Curtis. A blank look came over Mr. Belmont's face. Even if he and Mr. Morgan could procure gold enough to help the government out, how could the government take over the gold except in payment for bonds?

"No question of cost shall stand in the way of this matter," said Mr. Morgan, who had been looking thoughtfully at a cablegram. "My firm in London cables me that the Messrs. Rothschild called there today to see about the United States getting gold. I am not sure it can be gotten; but if it can be, Mr. Belmont and I will get it. We understand the necessity

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FRIEZE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.



COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL AND KEY.

Presented to M. Alfred Picard, Commissioner-General of the Paris Exposition, by United States Commissioner Ferdinand Peck, May 12, 1900.

for immediate action. And we will take it, if the President and Secretary of the Treasury request it—but privacy of negotiation is absolutely necessary."

As Mr. Morgan crossed Wall Street to get to his banking-house, immediately opposite the Sub-Treasury, a broker hurrying to the Exchange, a short distance farther on, saw him, saw where he came from, saw the smile on the face of Assistant-Secretary Curtis, who came down the Sub-Treasury steps at that moment—and with a bound and a shout carried right on to the floor of the Stock Exchange the news he divined, that—

"The Treasury is negotiating a loan!"

At that moment an edition of the evening papers began to sell like hot cakes up and down Broad Street, in front of the Exchange, in front of the Mills Building, where the curbstone brokers did their stock-gambling in the open, in and out of New Street and Exchange Place, and all along lower Broadway, until in five minutes thousands of men were reading a London cable, quoting the *Times* of that day, and evidently based on information, until now unknown in New York, suggested at the London end of the great financial syndicate.

"Means may be found," said the "Thunderer," "for issuing a loan of such dimensions and in such form as will be really beneficial."

Hurrah! Why, of course Morgan and Belmont were the men to find the means! It was as good as found already. Stocks stiffened up; there was a stronger tone at once apparent. Lazard Frères went so far in the next few hours as to offer back to the Sub-Treasury the four millions in gold which they had withdrawn to be shipped on Saturday, the 2d inst. If Morgan and Belmont sold their bills against the London market, there would not be any profit for anybody else in shipping gold. The tide was actually dammed already—dammed by two private citizens, where the whole resources of the richest nation on the globe had not sufficed—dammed, indeed, not by any act of the citizens, but by the mere suggestion that they might act!

The next day February came in, on a Friday. "What there was left of Wall Street," as a morning paper put it, was still "in a whirl" over the meagre rumor that the government was negotiating with Morgan and Belmont "for a bond sale." Nobody knew what had taken place in the Sub-Treasury the day before but the four men present. Mr. Curtis went back to Washington, dumb as an oyster. Mr. Jordan's lips were sealed, although there was a twinkle in his kindly blue eyes. No reporter who knew Morgan and Belmont tried but once to get at the news from them, and reporters who did not know them could not get at them. The rumors that reached Washington inflamed to even a higher pitch the resentment of the silver Congressmen, and they swore by the great silver dollar that there should be no bond sale, no matter how badly such "Lombard and Wall Street sharks" as Morgan and Belmont wanted it, "to prey on the necessities of the government." No, not even if the whole gold reserve were wiped out of existence and we went gleefully to join China on a silver basis at one swoop of our eagle.

Now the "secrecy" which Mr. Morgan had asked for in these negotiations between the government of the United States and the men whom so many Congressmen denounced as gold-bugs excited especial and emphatic ire. Secrecy had so far been maintained most successfully. The newspapers that were most aggrieved at not being let into the secret were now most zealous in denouncing "private negotiations" by public officials. Disgraceful insinuations were made about the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. The silver men pressed their advantage to the full. The storm seethed over Sunday.

Monday morning, Mr. Morgan, seated at his broad low desk, very open and aboveboard for the repository of such tremendous secrets, found in his mail one particular letter that caused him to summon a telegraph messenger in short order.

The Secretary of the Treasury wrote him that all "private negotiations" must be "abandoned." In reply Mr. Morgan sent a despatch urging that no action be taken until he could be heard.

A few minutes later Mr. Morgan and Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson were in consultation. "I want you to go to Washington with me," said Mr. Morgan to his private counsel; "there may be papers to be drawn." Mr. Stetson knew just what the situation was. "I'll go as a private citizen," he replied; "not for money, but for my country. I'd walk to Washington if necessary."

They left in Mr. Morgan's car, with Mr. Robert Bacon, one of Mr. Morgan's partners. Mr. Morgan went directly to the Arlington Hotel; Mr. Bacon went to call on an eminent official; Mr. Stetson went to the White House, but could not see the President, who was not well.

Tuesday morning the characters in this national drama assembled at the White House—with the Cabinet in session in the next room. There was the President, the lines in his face showing how keenly he realized the significance of the occasion. John Griffin Carlisle, his Secretary of the Treasury, William E. Curtis, the Assistant Secretary, Richard Olney, the Attorney-General, completed the government group; Pierpont Morgan, his partner Robert Bacon, his friend and counsel Francis Lynde Stetson, formed another group.

The discussion of the national crisis which then ensued was of the most thrilling interest. The men and the emergency measured up alike. Mr. Morgan for himself and Mr. Belmont positively declared their ability to get the gold the government needed. But as Congress still declined to authorize a bond issue, how was the government to take advantage of their offer? To issue bonds in the face of such earnest Congressional opposition was a risk any Administration might well hesitate to take. There was a dead wall ahead—and the gold just the other side of it. In three days the Springer bill, allowing the government to sell bonds specifically payable in gold, was to come up in the House for final action; its passage would simplify the crisis amazingly—if the government had not already made a default in the mean time. But there seemed little probability of favorable action. The Republicans were eagerly seizing the opportunity to join with the silver men in "putting the Administration in a hole."

For four hours the men in the White House canvassed the situation. At one time Mr. Cleveland left the room and did not return for nearly an hour, so intense were his feelings on the subject, so opposed was he to any course but what he believed to be the imperative obligation, under the law, to advertise bonds to be sold to the highest bidder.

But if Congress would not give the requisite authority to the Secretary of the Treasury, what was to be done?

Now came the unique feature of this historic transaction.

"You, Mr. Secretary," said Mr. Morgan, "have power, already vested solely in you, by the Coin Purchase Act, *to buy gold*. Buy it—we will sell it to you."

This novel suggestion electrified all present. A bond sale was a very different transaction from a coin purchase, and Section 3700 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which was eagerly consulted, left no doubt of the force and fitness of Mr. Morgan's suggestion. The Secretary of the Treasury could act by virtue of his office. He needed no authority from Congress. He did not need to advertise—for, as Mr. Morgan said, such an advertisement was giving the world notice of our peril. Away back in the dark days of '62, to meet some emergency, this law had been made. Assistant-Secretary Curtis understood it fully. Its scope was soon made familiar to all present. The clouds lifted. It was at once agreed that the purchase by the government of "3,500,000 ounces of standard gold coin of the United States" should be arranged if Congress failed to pass the Springer bill. Then Mr. Morgan might return, Thursday or Friday, and present whatever proposition he had to make. So adjourned this conference, so well worthy of the brush of the historical painter.

Mr. Morgan and his associates returned to New York. Secretary Carlisle and Assistant-Secretary Curtis, both able lawyers, set to work. An old leather-bound book entitled "Ex. Doc. No. 9, 2d Session, 46th Congress—Specie Resumption, etc.," a copy of which could not be purchased to-day on the streets of Washington or in any book-shop for $50—was brought in from the Library and proved of the greatest assistance to them in framing a contract for the purchase of gold. Words must be weighed well when they mean millions.

Thursday the House defeated the Springer bill, and the sales on New York Stock Exchange, which have since run well up to two million shares in one day, were on that day just 67,993 shares, all told, including even the unlisted stocks.

That night Messrs. Morgan and Stetson went back to Washington. As they looked from their car windows they saw the white wings of a blizzard unfolded over the landscape. This blizzard had its part to play.

Friday morning, February 8, 1895, there met in the Treasury Department the Secretary of the Treasury, the Assistant Secretary, and their counsel, Mr. Richard Olney, the Attorney-General, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Stetson.

In the large room of the Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Morgan and Mr. Stetson sat across table from Mr. Curtis, Secretary Carlisle moving in and out for conference with the Attorney-General, in the next room to the right. Mr. Stetson, who knew just what Mr. Morgan wanted—always *multum in parvo*—dictated from that point of view; Mr. Curtis knew just what the government expected, and he dictated the government's provisions. There were comparisons, changes, references to the Attorney-General and to Mr. Morgan. Every comma was weighed.

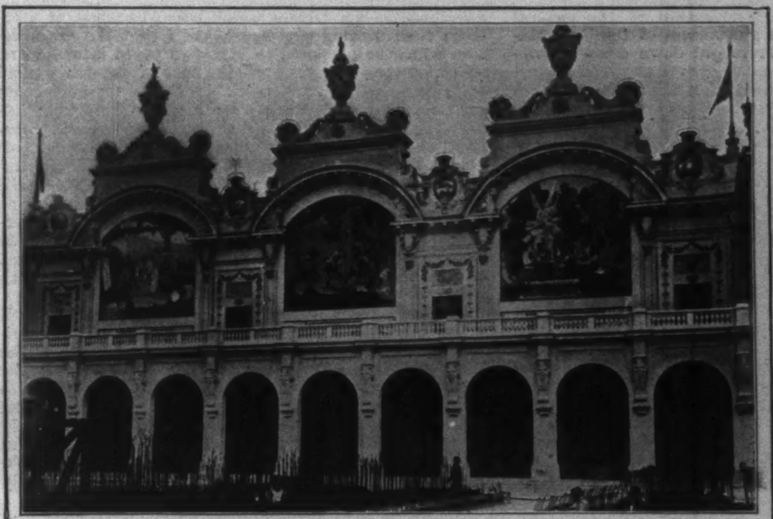
The final draft contained less than a thousand words; yet it embodied a transaction without precedent, one upon which a Senatorial investigating committee tried vainly, a few months later, to set the seal of fraud. Then came the signing.

The Secretary of the Treasury signed first; Mr. Morgan signed the name of "J. P. Morgan & Co., on behalf of Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co., London, and themselves." Mr. Belmont, whose train had been delayed by the blizzard, came in about two o'clock, after Mr. Morgan had started back to New York, and he signed "August Belmont & Co., on behalf of Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons, London, and themselves."

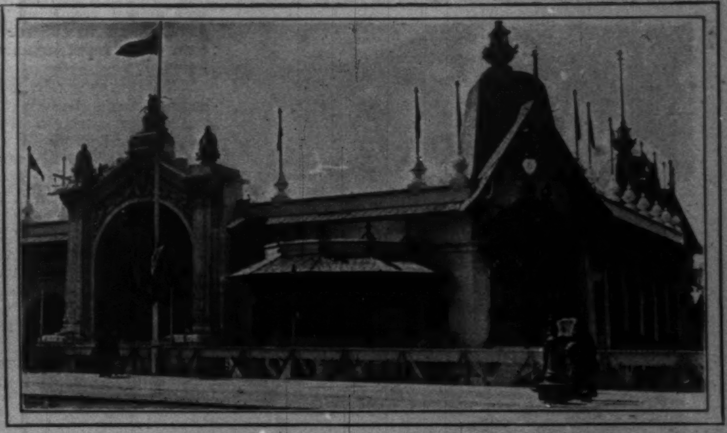
In the closing scene of this drama of men and millions the weather was again to be reckoned with. The next morning after the signing of this contract, news of which London and Hamburg would have heard with eagerness, New York with feverish delight—there was no news. The wires were down. The wind and the snow had cut off Washington. But the elemental forces, once started in the right direction by the syndicate, were at work for the government. That very day, the newsless day, a half-million in gold coin, "long expected, found at last," was paid into the Sub-Treasury in New York, under the contract. A drop in the bucket, it is true, but the beginning of a golden deluge.

Four days later, on Tuesday, February 12, the text of the contract was published. The intervening time had been used to admirable advantage. By Wednesday, the 13th, the syndicate had turned into the Sub-Treasury eight millions in gold coin. Day after day, week after week, the gold came in.

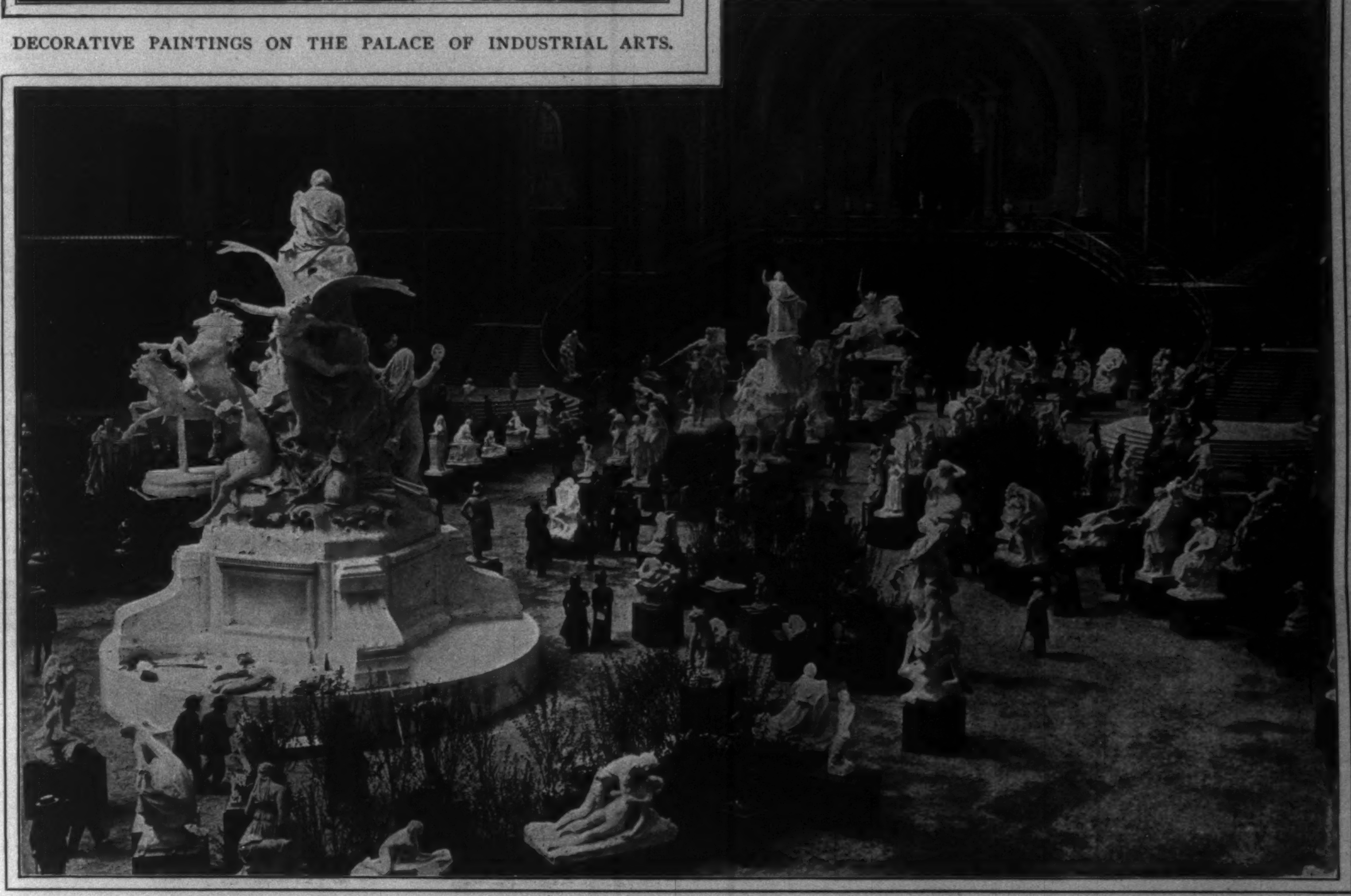
A peril only half suspected, but none the less real, had been averted.



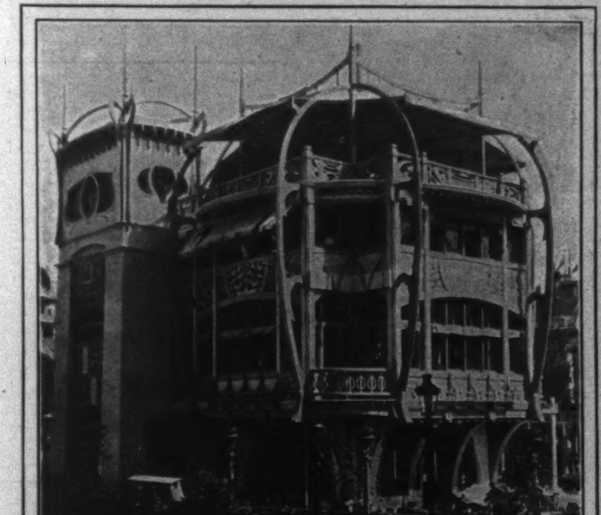
DECORATIVE PAINTINGS ON THE PALACE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS.



PALACE OF FORESTRY AND FISHERIES.



THE SCULPTURE EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN ROTUNDA OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

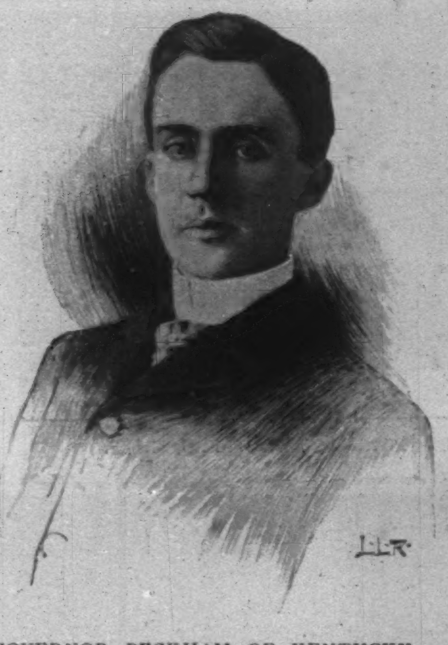


A VIENNESE ARCHITECTURAL CONCEPTION.

DECORATION IN COLORED TILES IN THE GERMAN SECTION.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



GOVERNOR BECKHAM OF KENTUCKY.

Supremacy of the Law

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

THE law has been vindicated in Kentucky, and the people of that commonwealth have proved again that they are as far from being revolutionists as the citizens of any other State in the Federal Union. The Supreme Court of the United States decided that it had no jurisdiction in the contest as to the Governorship, and therefore the decision of the General Assembly of the State, which declared that Goebel, and hence his successor, Beckham, had won, stands. Taylor, who has been the *de facto* Governor since his inauguration on the strength of the certificate of election granted by the Election Returning Commission, has retired from office, and the authority of Beckham is uncontested.

At the close of this case, which is extraordinary in many of its aspects, it is well to look again at some of its features, so that we may do full justice to the people who have bowed to the will of the law, though in doing so they knew full well that the lawfully expressed desire of the people had been upset. In previous articles in this journal the noted Goebel election law has been discussed, the law which Mr. Watterson said left nothing to chance. That law provided how the votes in the State should be counted, and the framers of it did not believe that under it it was possible for the Democrats to lose. The Republican majority last autumn, however, was so great that even this machinery was not effective, and the certificate of election was given to Taylor, the Republican candidate, and he was duly inaugurated and entered on his duties as the Chief Executive.

When the Legislature met, Goebel and Beckham, the defeated Democratic candidates, began a contest against Taylor and Marshall, the incumbents. There are many persons, some of them writers, who seem to believe that the Goebel election law gave the General Assembly jurisdiction in this contest. That is not at all the case. The General Assembly had jurisdiction under the fundamental law of the commonwealth, a law that is more than a hundred years old. It was not at all a foregone conclusion that the General Assembly would decide against Taylor, for he was supported by the very best people in the State, and public opinion is as powerful in Kentucky as elsewhere. It is true that both Houses of the Legislature were Democratic, but there were Democratic members of both Houses whose sense of fair play was superior to partisanship under ordinary circumstances. The visit of a thousand armed mountaineers to the State capital with the expressed intention of overawing the Democratic majority in the Legislature, and the assassination of Goebel, forced all the wavering Democratic members into the party fold, and Taylor's last chance legally to hold the office to which he had legally been chosen vanished instantly. Early in February the General Assembly declared in favor of Goebel and Beckham, and they were sworn into office.

Since then the fight has been in the courts, though two militia forces have been under arms in Frankfort, and the sensation-making newspapers have been predicting a bloody conflict. The State courts decided that under the Constitution the sole jurisdiction of the contest was with the General Assembly, and the Supreme Court of the United States has taken the same view. The opinion was delivered by the Chief Justice. It held that the Court had no jurisdiction, and further decided that public office and the emoluments thereof are not private property. Before the argument of the case it had been supposed that the Republicans would maintain that the Federal courts secured jurisdiction by reason of the constitutional guarantee of a republican form of government to each State in the Union; but the contention was on a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which provides that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. The decision, having disposed of the property aspect of the contention, went on to say: "The commonwealth of Kentucky is in full possession of its faculties as a member of the Union, and no exigency has arisen requiring the interference of the general government to enforce the guarantees of the Constitution or to repel invasion or to put down domestic violence.

"In the eyes of the Constitution the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of the State are peacefully operating by the orderly and settled methods prescribed by its fundamental law, notwithstanding there may be difficulties and disturbances arising from the tendency and determination of these contests. This very case shows that this is so, for the parties who assert that they are aggrieved by the action of the General Assembly properly sought the only appropriate remedy which under the law was within their reach. That this proved ineffectual, even though their grounds of complaint may have been in fact well founded, was the result of the Constitution and the laws under which they lived and by which they were bound.

"Any remedy besides that is to be found in the august tribunal of the people, which is continually sitting, and over whose judgment on the conduct of public functionaries the courts exercise no control. We must decline to take jurisdiction on the ground of deprivation of rights embraced by the Fourteenth Amendment, without due process of law, or the violation of the guarantee of republican form of government by reason of similar deprivation."

Justice Harlan, a native of Kentucky, and appointed by Mr. Hayes from that State, dissented from the opinion, holding that public office was property, the same as land or mules.

It is understood that Taylor is under indictment for complicity in the assassination of Goebel. There had been no effort to arrest him up to the time of this writing. A former Secretary of State, also under indictment on the same charge, has been arrested in Indiana, where the Governor refused to honor a requisition to surrender him to Kentucky authorities.

The new Governor will hold office until after the next general election, which will be in November. So the case, as suggested by the Chief Justice, will quickly be referred to the people.

The Hero of Mafeking

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

"I AM happy to inform you that Mafeking was relieved to-day. The relieving force marched into Mafeking at 9 o'clock this morning, and the relief and defence forces combined and moved out and attacked the enemy's head laager. We shelled them out and nearly captured Snynam, and took one gun, a flag, and a large amount of ammunition, stores, etc. The enemy appears to be retreating in all directions, except one commando, which is lying low, possibly to cover the retreat of the remainder.

"Captain Maclaren and Corporal Murray were found in the Boer hospital. They are doing well. The townspeople and the garrison of Mafeking are heartily grateful for their relief."

Shorn of a few unimportant details, this is the official announcement with which Colonel Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, in a despatch to his superior, General Lord Roberts, gladdened the hearts of all the Queen's loyal subjects a few days ago. They had waited seven long months for the good news. They had seen the stock-markets of Continental Europe shaken again and again on the strength of rumors concerning this little town, of no great strategic value in itself, but morally a bulwark of British spirit. Not once could London be made to believe that Baden-Powell would lower the union-jack, no matter how discouraging the outlook; and the result has confirmed the confidence of his countrymen and made him the hero of the hour.

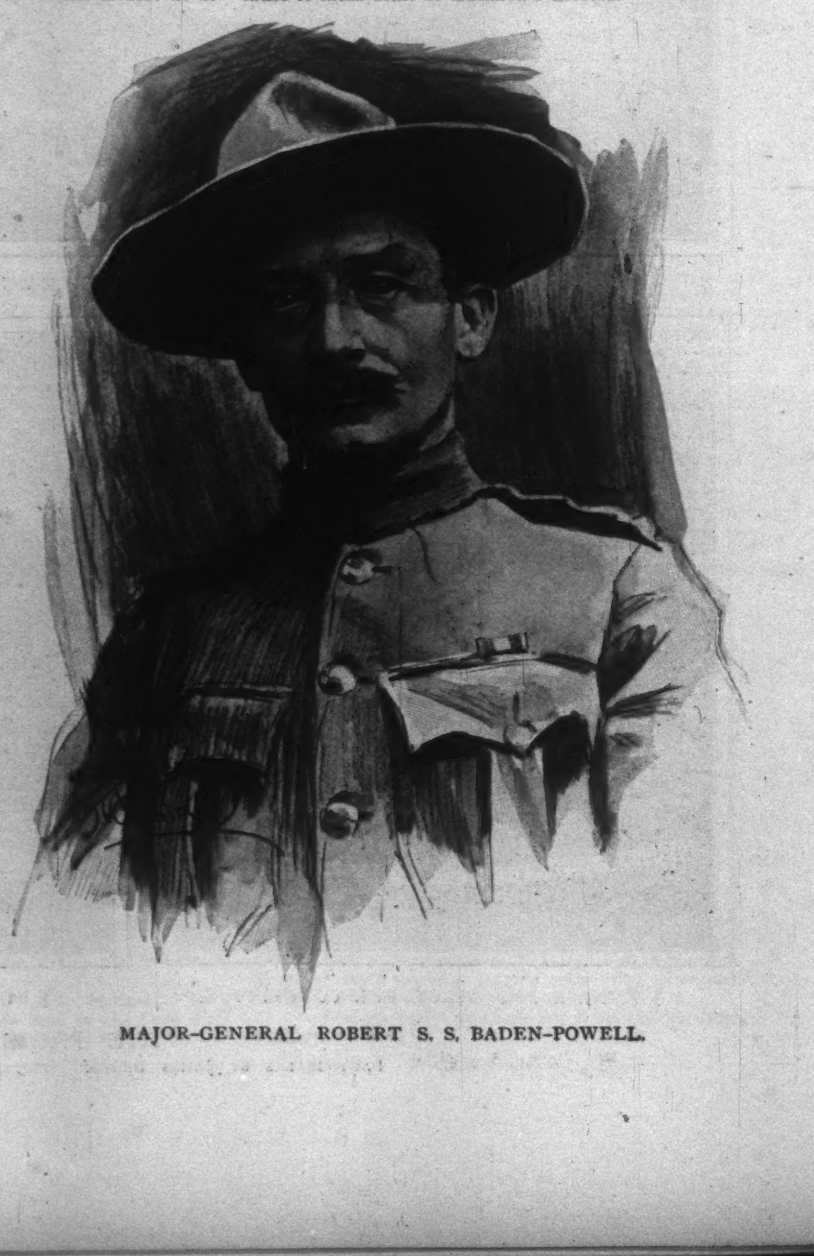
In surveying the career of a man who has thus proved his calling, it is always of interest to note how he came by it, and what share chance had in shaping his career. Baden-Powell was from the outset destined for the army, but his early expectations missed fulfillment in one particular that may have changed the whole current of his life and led up to the event which has made him world-famous at forty-three. His father, a theologian of some eminence with a genius for mathematics, was most anxious to have him take two years at Oxford after leaving the Charterhouse school. This was in 1876, and the lad had the prospect of an idle summer before him; so, to test his proficiency in certain branches of study, he entered himself for the July examinations for commissions in the army. He had made no special preparation, but answered simply those questions on his papers which seemed easiest of solution; then, having satisfied himself that the examination which he proposed to take two years later had no special terrors, he dropped the matter from his mind and went yachting with his brother. Arrangements had meanwhile been made for beginning work in Oxford in October; his surprise may be imagined, therefore, when, one fine September day, he received an official notification from the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the army, that of the 718 candidates who had taken the examinations that year, he stood fifth in the order of excellence, and actually second among those to be assigned to the cavalry. This news was accompanied with the announcement that he had been appointed a lieutenant in the Thirteenth Hussars.

Naturally, that ended the Oxford plan, and with all practicable speed the young soldier joined his regiment in India. Almost from the day of his arrival he was a marked man among his associates. In all the garrison sports, in-doors or out, he was a leader. He could ride, box, wrestle, run, jump, or swim with the best of them. He could fence as well with his foil in his left hand as in his right, and was equally skilful in handling pen and pencil. He could sing a rollicking song, tell a good story, take part in a comedy either as actor or as manager, write a book, draw a clever caricature, or paint from nature well enough to convey a picture to the mind of one who had not seen the subject. But with these accomplishments he had nothing of the self-exhibitor about him. Whatever he did was for the amusement of all.

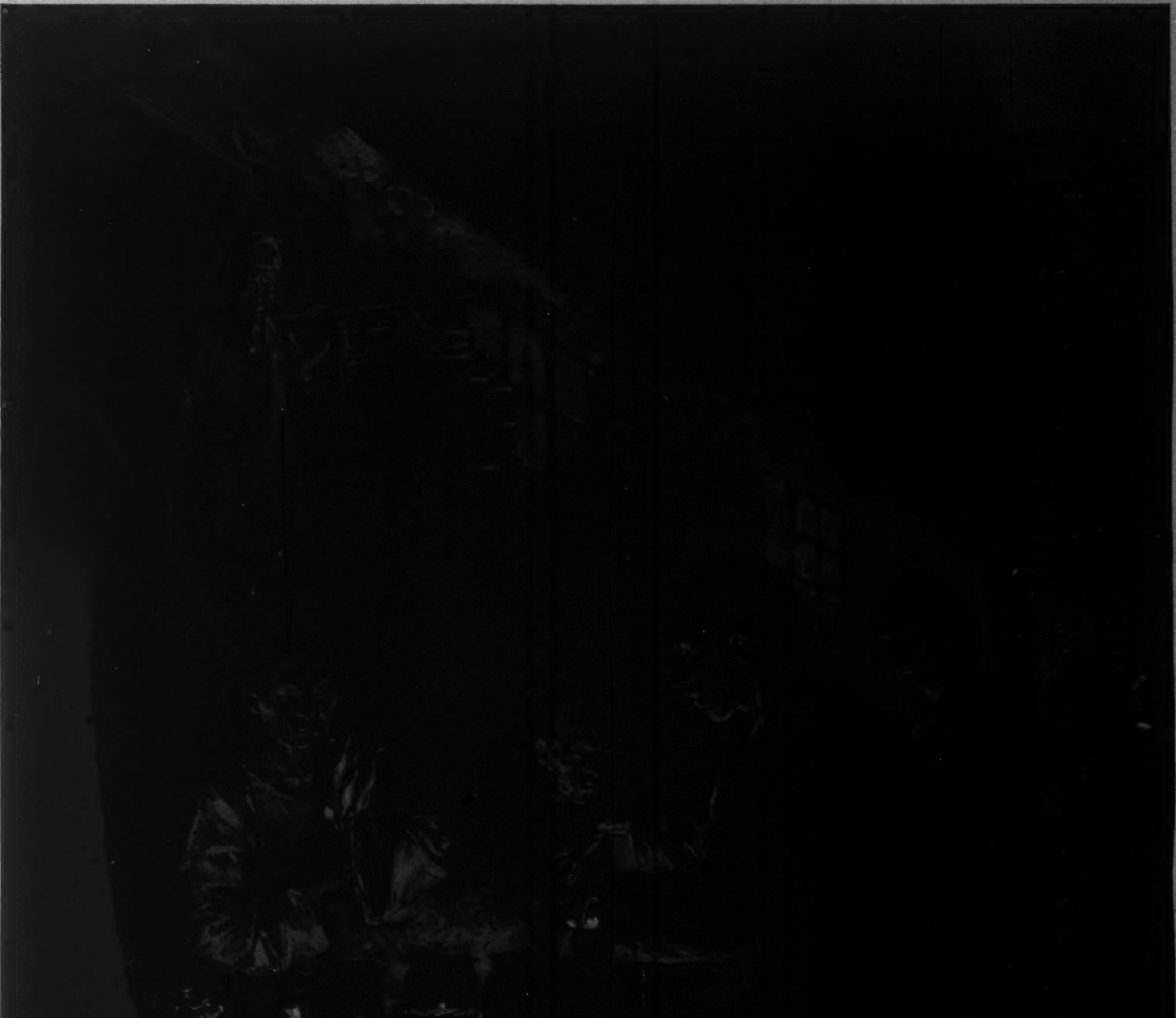
In personal appearance, Baden-Powell is attractive rather than imposing. Slightly above middle height, he carries not a pound too much on his well-balanced frame. He is spare without being lean, and every motion shows the training of his sinews. His features are regular, his hair is thin and tawny-red in color, his eyes are light, but resolute in expression, and his mouth, firm but good-tempered, is partly hidden under a small mustache.

In Mafeking, according to all accounts, Baden-Powell has been the very life of the defence. It took him some time to make the inhabitants understand what martial law meant, and that they must accommodate themselves to the situation and share cheerfully with the garrison the discomforts of the siege. His force of some 1500 men was reduced by death, wounds, and illness to about 500, but no one would have guessed from his appearance or manner that the game was going against him. He went about the streets with as much unconcern as if he had been a tourist on a sketching expedition rather than a soldier shut up by a vigilant enemy in a little town in the midst of a bare plain, with no defences except such as his men could make with their own hands. When he was not directing a return fire he was making pictures of memorable scenes, or correcting proofs of a book on which he was putting the last touches when the siege began.

There may have been events of more permanent importance in the history of British rule in India, yet the siege of Lucknow will live in the memory of the English-speaking nations forever, and the story of the defence of the beleaguered town will be told to the children's children of those who received it first from the lips of their own grandfathers. So the story of Mafeking will survive, not the less picturesque because it lacks some of Lucknow's horrors.

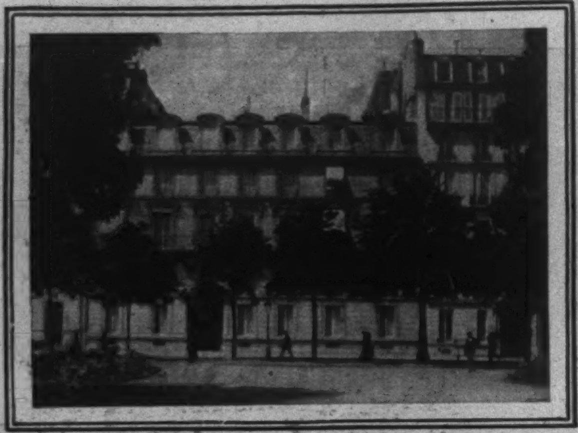


MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT S. S. BADEN-POWELL.



THE BUBONIC PLAGUE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

CHINAMEN, CONFINED WITHIN THE CHINESE QUARTER, COOKING THEIR MEALS



OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD

The Embassy to France

IN the anteroom of the chancellery of the American embassy in the Avenue Kléber, what seems to be an old, old parchment letter hangs framed. Nearly every visitor reads it, and those who do not notice closely take it for an original. It is only a clever photograph, however, and calls to mind the first diplomatic mission ever sent out by the brave little government formed at Philadelphia in 1776. Here is a copy:

> "*Paris, December 23, 1776.*
>
> "Sir:
>
> "We beg leave to acquaint your Excellency that we are appointed and fully empowered by the Congress of the United States of America to propose and negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce between France and the said States. The just and generous treatment their trading ships have received, by a free admission to the ports of this Kingdom, with other considerations of respect, have induced the Congress to make this offer first to France.
>
> "We request an audience of your Excellency wherein we may have an opportunity of presenting our credentials, and we flatter ourselves that the propositions we are instructed to make are such as will not be found unacceptable.
>
> "With the greatest regard, we have the honor to be, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servants,
>
> Benjamin Franklin,
> Silas Deane,
> Arthur Lee.
>
> "His Excellency the Count de Vergennes."

The original of this letter, in Franklin's handwriting, is in the archives of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

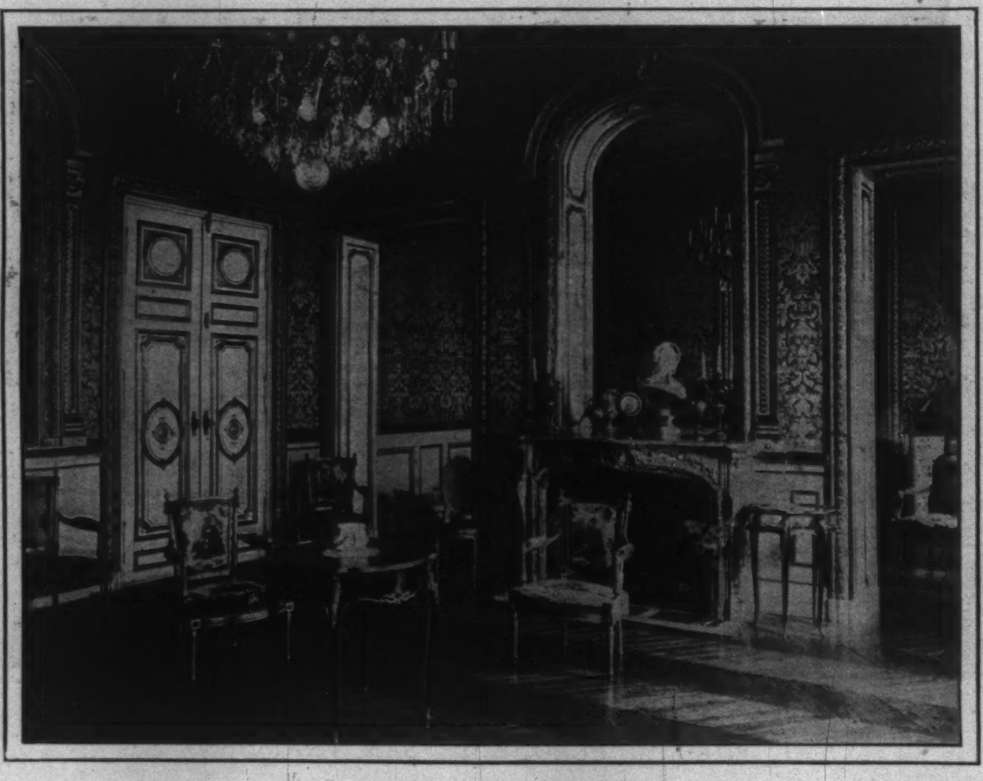
What a far cry from that day to this! The head of that modest embassy was to make for himself a unique place in the history of France, a place the like of which few diplomats from any country have achieved. Only the other day I was making my way on a now popular pilgrimage—to the tomb of that talented Russian girl, Marie Bashkirtseff, in the cemetery at Passy. I came upon some boys returning from school, and asked one of them to direct me to the place. His directions led to a street which he called Rue Froncklan. I did not recognize the name. "*Froncklan, vous savez; Froncklan, le philosophe Américain.*" Of course I knew then. As well as I knew the place our first famous diplomat had in French hearts, it had taken the little Passy scholar to tell me that his fame had been also recorded in the names of the Paris streets.

But if this first envoy in his Quaker homespun made a name for himself at a brilliant court in a brilliant world, he set an example which has embarrassed his successors even to the present day. Few of them could be Franklins. Fewer still could make homespun garb respected and admired in a diplomatic world of gold lace and jewelled swords. The little government at Philadelphia has grown since those days. But whenever an effort is made to enlarge and endow its diplomatic representation to suit the times, one always hears from objectors the ineradicable record of that suit of Quaker gray. The government continues to hope for Franklins. And his successors are thrown upon their own resources to make good the deficiency. The present salary allowed to our ambassador at Paris will not pay the house rent of a suitable Embassy.

The people of the United States have so far been so little concerned with diplomacy, perhaps many of them do not know that in foreign eyes an ambassador is the incarnation of national sovereignty. When one of these from the United States enters a room, it is in every respect just as if Mr. McKinley entered. The same deference and respect must be and is shown him. An ambassador is always accredited directly to the head of a government, not to its Minister for Foreign Affairs. He has the privilege of always demanding an audience with the Chief Executive. And with these privileges goes a due responsibility of appearances. Such an emissary must live in a style befitting the demands of his position. Now at the White House itself, the President lives simply enough. We democrats understand it, and those who visit us understand it, from the nature of its surroundings. But take the Executive Mansion, with its interior life just as it is in any European capital. Why, the minister from Montenegro at Constantinople lives in a larger house in greater style! So, the American diplomat either personally pays to see his country fitly represented or hides in the background, conscious that the majority of the people about him are measuring his country by his own insignificance. For even the best paid of our representatives receives little more than a third of the salary of the President. As they have to live in more than equal state, they might at least be allowed a sum equal to half the amount. No American who comes abroad and sees the contrast can fail in gratitude to the generous men who are determined that their great and rich country shall not seem small and mean in the eyes of the world at large. On any state occasion when the representatives of the foreign world gather in Paris—on such an occasion, for instance, as a diplomatic reception at the Elysée—what do you see? There come the Russians—thirteen of them. Then come the English; they number thirteen also. There are seven Italians and eight Turks. The Spaniards number fifteen and the Chileans eight. Yes, here are the Americans, five in all.

For many years the chancellery of the embassy in Paris was in a dark little apartment in the Rue Galilée, where there was not the slightest sign of a reception-room. I remember having seen ladies standing around in a cold hallway waiting for passports. That excellent pillar of the embassy, Mr. Henry Vignaud, who has been for so many years its efficient secretary, was shut up in a dark closet with scarcely room for a second person. Soon after his arrival the present ambassador changed all of that. Upon his own initiative and at the chance of having personally to bear the cost of additional office rent, the chancellery was moved to a large sunny apartment in the Avenue Kléber with ample room for every member and two large waiting-rooms for visitors. It is in the midst of the American colony, and, interesting coincidence, directly opposite to the palace of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. This location will make pleasant the visit of all of the thousands of Americans who will go to the Embassy this year in Paris. If they are so fortunate, a visit to the home of the ambassador will confirm their idea of the fitness of the diplomatic representation we have in a city which, in 1900, more than ever all the world will come to see. It is to be hoped that they will be duly grateful to the gentleman to whom it is due, and return home ardent advocates of a system which will not leave the question of proper representation to anything so uncertain as individual generosity.

President McKinley sent, as his representative to the President of France, General Horace Porter, of New York. It is probable that always in the popular mind—and he would be the last to object to it—General Porter will be associated with General Grant. For no one familiar with the life of the latter can ever forget his devotion to the brave young aide, or the young man's faithful service in return. I have always remembered an expression of General Grant's, quoted by John Russell Young, in which he said that Porter had been sacrificed to the necessities of the staff; that at the head of a command he would have made one of the brightest military records of the war. The record of bravery and devotion he did make was well attested by the constant promotion which was given him. The son of a former Governor of Pennsylvania, he graduated in 1860 at West Point, number three in a class of forty-one. In 1865 he was Brevet Brigadier-General. Having made an excellent personal record at the beginning of the war, he served throughout its latter years on the staff of General Grant. He remained with the general in the War Department after the war, and also while his old chief was President. But at the close of Grant's second term he resigned from the army and at once became connected with large busi-



THE BALL-ROOM IN THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, PARIS.

ness enterprises. Here he gained recognition for financial as promptly as he had for military ability. He soon became a director in many important business concerns, such as the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad Company and the Equitable Life Insurance Company. His last work of a public character, which, if possible, increased his popularity, was in connection with the erection of the Grant Memorial Tomb in New York. Credit for the completion of this work might almost be wholly given to General Porter's individual efforts. For him it was a labor of gratitude and love, which the people were prompt to applaud and appreciate.

With this reputation as a soldier and a financier grew up another—that of a man of public affairs, a graceful orator, a steadfast Republican, and a political leader in all the higher matters of good government. Known to be a good French scholar, it was natural that President McKinley should have promptly decided on his appointment as Ambassador to France. Since his appointment his excellent orations on public occasions to the French people in their own tongue have secured for him a favor in Paris which has not been possible to all of the many excellent gentlemen who have represented us there.

Accredited as he is directly to the French President, the relations between the ambassador's family and the palace of the Elysée are most pleasant. There is an annual reception on New-Year's day by the President, very much like that at the White House, excepting the admission of the general public. There are also several diplomatic dinners and two balls which the corps attends. Garden parties and musical entertainments are also frequent. In fact, during the régime of the late President Faure the Elysée was very gay. Upon the election of his successor, the diplomatic corps paid, as usual, a formal visit of congratulation. Madame Loubet promises to make as popular a hostess as Madame Faure, and during the festivities attendant on the Exposition will have ample opportunity to maintain the reputation for republican hospitality which the home of the French Presidents has acquired.

Fortunately perhaps, for the ambassador, there is no such custom as the presentation of visitors to the President or his wife. This source of so much difficulty in embassies to royal courts is wholly and happily a thing of the past in Paris. On the other hand, the embassy has under its care and protection a larger colony of its countrymen than any of our diplomatic stations. There are about 2000 American students of the arts and sciences in Paris, and fully 3000 resident Americans. These last named are for the most part people of wealth and refinement, who live there from preference or because of international marital connections. They have handsome apartments and hotels and play a prominent part in the social world. There are few of them engaged in business in France, but it is to be hoped that after next year the Exposition will have opened the eyes of many visitors to opportunities for American enterprise. Nearly all of these wards of the ambassador at one time or another find themselves within his hospitable doors. In protecting their interests, as well as securing to them the full enjoyment of liberty and the pursuit of art or happiness, the embassy fills a large and useful sphere.

CHALMERS ROBERTS.

California Olive-Groves

THE things which most impress the observant stranger when first he sees the olive-groves of California are the methodical and systematic precision of the long lines of trees planted in such carefully drawn rows, and then the recognition of the commercial key which this gives to the situation. One has dreamed of olive-groves, or has seen them in their straggling, gnarled, irregularly set, and picturesque beauty in Nice or elsewhere in the Old World, and has thought of them, irresistibly, as indigenous to the soil, as a natural part of the prevailing unmethodical quality of its surroundings; or perhaps he thinks of it as a sort of benediction and benefaction presented by nature to man, or even as a self-poised, self-directing-personality, I was about to say, for each old tree seems to sustain an individuality which breathes of dignity and of a certain power and purpose.

OLIVE-PICKERS AT WORK.

In old Spanish days this was true in California, also, for these trees were to be found nowhere except about the old missions, and here still, and in the courts or patios of some of the charming old 'dobe houses, there stand fine examples of these self-guided and majestic, if gnarled and illy kept, benefactors of man.

But in modern California, in the California which has sprung into an empire in just fifty years, the olive-groves have lost in picturesqueness what they have gained in size, numbers, and commercial importance. When trees, however beautiful, are planted in endless rows, exactly so many feet apart, when these trees are kept neatly trimmed back and down to a given size, when the earth about them is well ploughed, and when this extends over acres and acres of land, somehow the romance of the "glinting olive-groves" has been swallowed up by the trig and trim appearance of it all, by the touch of the commercial element, by the very patent fact that man has directed and not simply accepted the benefactions of this prince of trees. I do not state this as a criticism, but merely as a fact. For what the olive-grove has lost in picturesqueness in coming to the New World it has gained in neatness and precision. What it has thus been deprived of in romantic value it has more than made up in commercial importance; and while no one could feel particularly dreamful and mediæval sitting on the ploughed ground under infinitely extending rows of well-trimmed trees—all about the same size, shape, and bent—one can indulge in fairy tales that are both new and true, which fact, after all, goes very far towards making amends for the "good old days" of shiftless ease and self-kept trees. One can glance down the rows and see the shimmer of the dark varnished leaves changing to lighter green as the soft winds turn the under side and expose to view the wonderfully well-filled clustering fruit. One can watch the pickers, with their large, curiously shaped receptacles hung about their necks, going up the adjustable ladders and rapidly filling them with the "berries," and descending to empty them into the large bags which wagons will presently take away to the oil-tanks or the pickling-vats, for nothing is so injurious to the oil as to allow the berries to lie for any length of time in masses where they can bruise each other or "sweat." One can recall, with a certain national pride, the fact that it takes these well-kept trees, in this unequalled climate, but from four to seven years (according as they are grown from seed or slip) to begin to bear fruit, while in the countries of romantic memory it requires from twenty-five to fifty years before the trees are of any use except to shadow romance and render picturesque the landscape!

CRUSHERS AND PRESSES FOR MAKING OLIVE OIL.

The California olive-growers claim that the difference between eating the olive ripe and green is exactly the same as in other fruit—that eaten ripe it is far more wholesome, more nutritious, and of better flavor. They do not eat it as a mere relish, but as a most nutritious and health-promoting food. Olives make not only a delicious but a most nourishing meal. The natives prefer the smaller, free-stone varieties of olives to the larger kinds. They claim that the flavor is better. I confess that at first I did not like them so well. Their softer "free" quality made me suspicious. I thought they were on the eve of spoiling. I learned later that it was the difference between the firmness and hardness of a green or a ripe apple or pear or peach.

The natives claim, too (but this may be State pride), that their oil is the purest and finest in the world. Of this I cannot judge. Certainly it is delicious and pure, and fortunately for the olive-growers, their own people believe so absolutely in it that their oil sells higher in their own market than do the Spanish or French importations.

So far as I was able to learn, this is the one product of California fruit-growers that seems to be more expensive at home than abroad. Indeed, their splendid grapes, apricots, berries, and all other fruits sell so cheaply at home that the poorest can revel in them all the year round; but I found their olive oil as expensive in their own stores as is the foreign oil in New York.

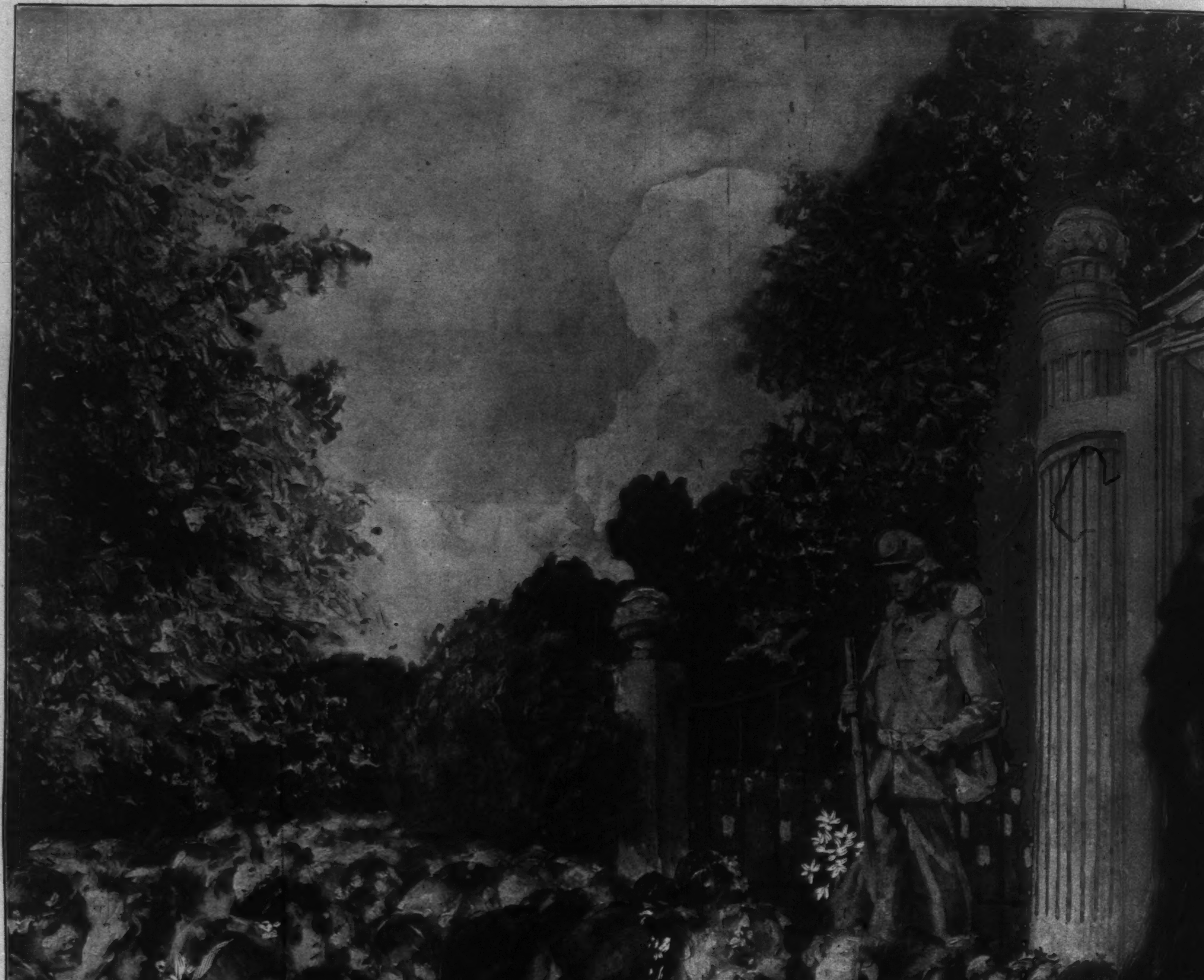
Until the past few years it has been taken for granted that only in the far southern counties could olives be grown successfully, but this is now disproved, as they are now grown profitably even as far north as Butte. But the largest and most famous olive-ranch on this continent is at Santa Barbara. The Franciscan Fathers planted the first olive-trees in California, and since the oldest mission in the State was at San Diego, and was established by Spanish monks (who doubtless brought the olive seed from Spain in 1769), it will be seen that even the so-called "old-mission olive-trees" are of but very recent date—as olive-trees go in the Old World, they are mere infants. The olive-orchards of California, if in the Old World, would not yet be in bearing!

The monks planted these trees at every mission as it was established, and the fruit harvested was converted into oil, a large quantity of which was used in the religious service of the Church.

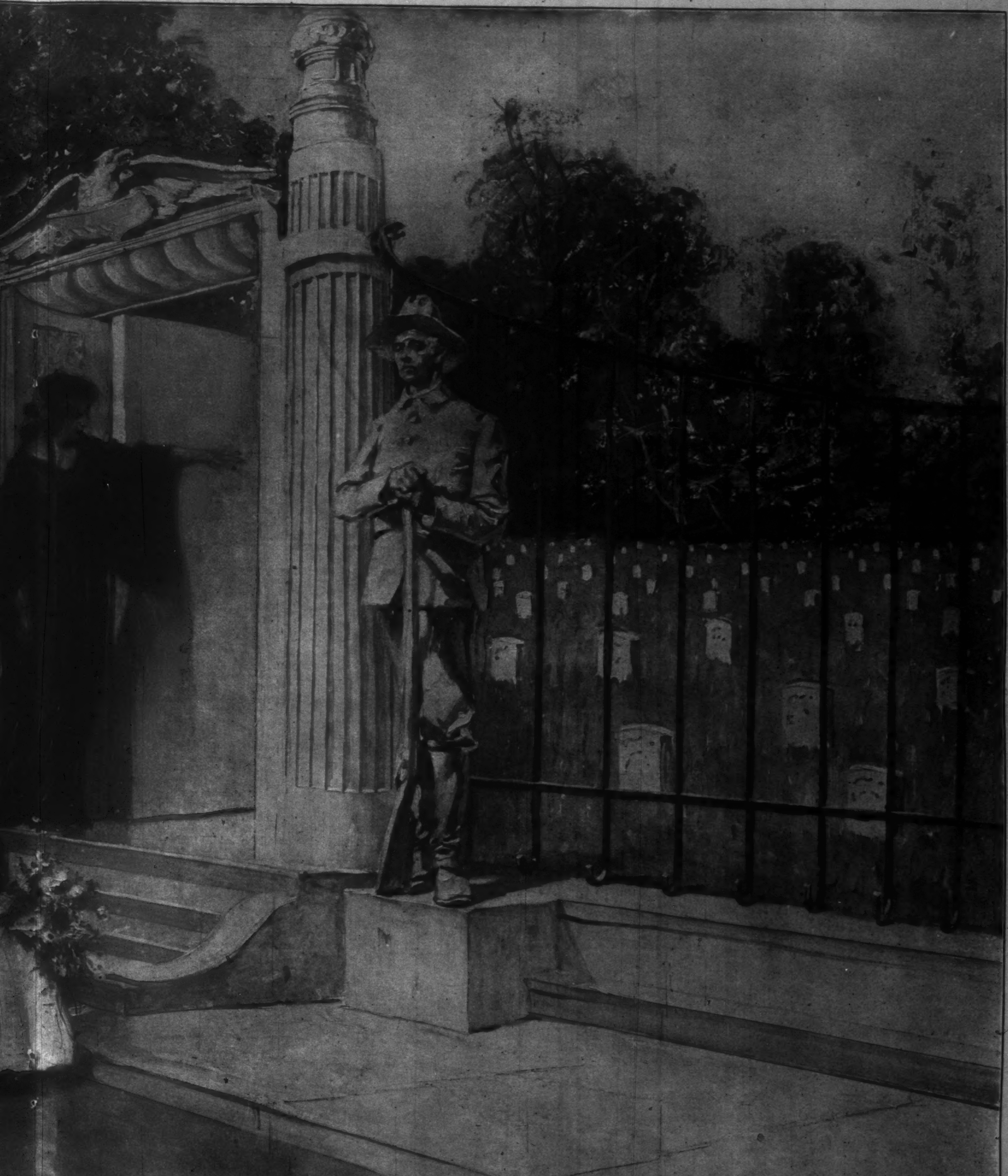
Olive-planting is inexpensive because trees can now be raised from slips and cuttings, which grow very rapidly if properly manipulated. From cuttings the tree will produce fruit the fourth year. Trees may also be grown from seeds, and it is claimed that from this planting the best trees and fruit are produced. It takes about twice as long to do this, however, and entails some extra expense in either budding or grafting. Trees have been planted on black adobe, on sandy loam, subsoil, brick clay, on deep bottom-land, on sandy and stony hill-sides, on adobe hill-sides, on clay soil, and on red lands—and all are thriving. Those planted on the higher lands are apparently the more thrifty; the highest elevation, however, is not over four hundred feet above the sea-level. Then, too, they will grow in a dry climate where no other trees would be successful, and will live through an extremely dry year; but would not give much fruit such a year. Irrigation is not at all necessary to the production of the best olives. It is believed that they will thrive in nearly every part of the State. On the coast it is claimed that the trees grow more rapidly and bear more abundantly; but inland growers claim an equal advantage from the fact that fungoid diseases are less prevalent.

The making of olive oil is a simple process. But the *quality* will depend on the variety of olive and the care that may be exercised, from the picking of the fruit through every stage of the process, until it is tightly corked in the bottles. The berries must not be allowed to stand in heaps or in sacks, or, in fact, in any kind of package, long enough to heat, or the oil will become musty or rancid. A well-grown fifteen-year-old tree will produce from 200 to 250 pounds a year.

HELEN H. GARDENER.



DECORATION



ON DAY, 1900

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.* By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XI

THE UPPER ROOM

A BROAD low stairway rose from the hall into which Warburton was come, and ascended in short stages to the upper floor. Windows. with mullions looked out upon the valley by day from these high landings and gleamed by night with jewelled eyes. The wood was ancient oak; it was black and naked and shining under the light, and Warburton's footfalls rang low and deep and loud as he mounted on his way to what his wild whirling brain and giddy purpose designed. A window stood open upon the head of the stair, giving upon a black, mild night, still as a graveyard, and fragrant with the breath of flower and sea. A little low moaning entered out of the darkness, seeming to reach from an infinite distance away somewhere upon the horizon—babbling, continuous, and incredibly weak and pitiful.

These sounds upon that silence struck Warburton's ear pleasantly. He heard in his fancy the sea lapping about the crags of the Skittles, as when he had been forced upon his perilous voyage; so he heard it now, but lamentable, crying like a child or some poor crone; not angry nor menacing nor sullen, but whispering, taken up in a plaintive melancholy, like one driven to despair and knowing no refuge or recovery. There was no doubt but he had triumphed over the Carmichaels; he had turned their fortunes, and would humble them in the dust. They should cry for mercy to him, if any of that proud rebellious house might cry. And now he was assured of his just vengeance upon all. The thought stung him strangely into an excitement, which sent his blood newly bounding in his heart. The hunters were upon the hills, out upon the chase, and the quarry lay here, safe as a hare in his burrow, and with his claws upon an unexpected victim. What vengeance he might not wreak upon the father, that would he exact of the child—nay, of all the children of that abominable blood. Animal they were, and as animals they should atone, whether they died or lived, and in what kind soever they paid the debt.

Warburton's mood was by no means so simple as it seemed, even to himself. It was a flexus of sentiments that moved him—indignation, the resolution of an obstinate character, the memory of wrongs, the lust and pride of conflict, a certain fierce brutality, and along with them interweaving and mutable emotions, an incentive sharper than them all, a strong personal fire that swarmed and burned in his vitals. He had never refused to recognize his admiration of Chloris Carmichael; she kindled in him an intestine war that had rent and ravaged his stout spirit. But though he could not in his honesty shut his eyes to a great fact, he could stare and pass by. Her beauty would have melted him like wax, had he not been of so desperate a purpose; the memory of it followed him now in his upward passage, taking him in the nostrils like a strong fragrance that sets the heart throbbing and the throat to gasp. He felt himself free at this moment to give rein to his admiration; he would no longer stare and go by; and there was delirium in the thought of this unaccustomed license, with which his head whirled, and every sense, awake and wide and delicate, cried out, drumming and thrilling under that magical influence. His body was become of a sudden a most populous and changing scene of sensations; variable plans flew over his consciousness, now hot, now cold, but dancing, intangible, indistinguishable, and charged with an immeasurable power; and under all was one high tide drawing him onwards, set for one shore, and throbbing heavily as it drew.

His passionate pulse ceased as he knocked on the door and awaited an answer. The sound of his feet had gone up before him, and came, softly, like muffled echoes, to Chloris Carmichael's ears. She rose from her chair and threw back her copper-red hair.

"Who is that?" said she, under her breath. "'Tis not Nick, and it cannot be Philip. He has too great a tread; he comes deliberate."

She listened to the footsteps, which came to cease outside her room, and there fell the still, small knock, as it were of some one humble begging for admission, or of one, maybe, that knew he was welcome.

"Who is that?" said she again, wondering. "There is none of the servants walks like that. He comes too confident."

She stood, her hand trembling upon the deep worn oaken sill of the window that was an eye upon the park, the dress over her bosom rising and falling more quickly now, her wild gray eyes alight and frightened. There came a sound of knocking once more, still very low and quiet.

"Who is there?" she called, and made a step forward, but drew back.

"'Tis I," said Roger Warburton, in his cool, clear voice. "'Tis I; let me in."

"You may not come here," she cried, putting one hand to her heart. "Mr. Warburton, you must go."

"'Tis I," he said, in the same clear tones. "'Tis I; open to me, Chloris."

"What do you want in this house?" she cried, with increasing agitation audible in her note. "There is no safety here."

"I am not in search of safety," he answered. "Open."

"What do you seek?" she asked, wildly.

"What I seek I shall find," he answered from the back of the wood. "Open; open."

Chloris was at the door, and she wavered; then set back the latch with a swift convulsive action of her shaking fingers. The handle turned and Warburton stood before her in the room. She made no movement from him, but stood regarding him with a warmth of color in her face and changing flickering eyes.

"What do you want here, Mr. Warburton?" she asked, in a voice which had been steadied by an effort. "This is no place for you. Why are you not gone?"

"I am come for you," he replied.

"You should have left the island," she went on, swiftly, paying this no heed. "It was rash and foolish, it was a crime in you to delay. And what do you here in the heart of this very house that hates you?"

"There is one that does not hate me," said he.

She struck her hand passionately against the wainscot. "I abhor you," she cried. "Get you gone out of my sight. I will never see you more. I call God to witness I will never see you more."

He answered nothing to that outbreak, but fastened his gaze upon her wonderful face. "I am come for you, Chloris," he repeated.

"You are in danger," she sobbed. "I warn you that you are in danger. Who is below? Where are they hidden? How did you enter? Have you slain them all—father and brothers?" she sobbed.

"Nay," he said, "but they are out hunting me upon the hills; the house is deserted; there is no one here within sound or sight."

"They will come back," she said, weeping. "They will not leave the house unguarded. They may be here at any moment. Please go, before they return and find you."

"They will not find me," he answered, quietly.

She sprang towards him furiously. "You—you—what is it you mean? You shall go into the night and die when you will. They shall catch you on the hills. I will hand you over to them and they will kill you. You are a coward and a spy and a traitor. The gallows is your due. I thank my God that I have still two brothers to rid the world of such as you."

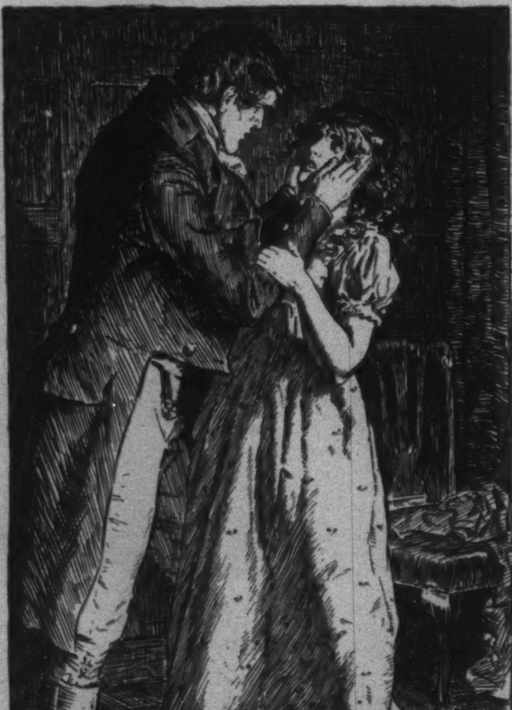
"Cease, Chloris!" said he, with authority. "I tell you I am here for you. Understand me. Faith, child, it is no use to struggle against your future. It is your destiny that what I will that you shall do."

"I will do nothing of what you will, but only what is my will," she said, pitifully.

"Child, your will is mine," he answered. "Come, give me your hand," and he took the hot quivering fingers in his grasp, and set it to her beating bosom. "I know what is that pulse, and how it throbs."

"It comes of hate," she broke out.

"Nay, but love," he said, clutching the struggling fingers tighter. "Do not fight me like a bird that fights the hawk. That is folly, Chloris. You love me; look in my eyes. Yours, my dear, are round and sweet and wild—a great gray sea that breaks tumultuously. You think that love is drowned there, overwhelmed by this storm of fury. It is nothing of the sort. Wait a little and I shall see it rise again, warm, soft, and beautiful. Chloris, look in my eyes. You shall not drop your lashes." He seized her face between his hands and held her to the light, flushing bright and hot and shaken with alarm. "There it rises," he said. "It is a resurrection from that great sea. She gives up her dead. Dead! Faith! not so—'tis alive and quick. Chloris, my sweet, you are a handsome liar. You love me. By Heaven! you love me."



"CHLORIS, YOU LOVE ME!"

Her eyes, naked and transparent, glowed upon him, and he drew the face nearer till his lips pressed full upon hers. Then she drew back, snatching herself, as it were, with a great wrench out of the peril that she feared.

"I will bring Nick upon you," she said, convulsively. "You are cruel to be here."

"I can make no discrimination between words so delicately," he returned, caressing her. "Let Nick come. Cruel! Indeed I know not; I give no time to words. 'Tis what I feel and act that interests me."

"But you are our enemy," she protested, still resisting. "They say you are sworn to destroy us. I may not love you."

"Aye," said Warburton, "'tis true I am foe to this family. I believe I am worse. I think there is none of whom this house of Carmichaels stands in such dread. It is impossible that there should be anything but hostility between us."

"Yet you come here," she cried. "You say you love me. What would you do? Ah, why are you here?"

"I am here to exact vengeance," he answered, grimly. "Your father and your brothers lie in my power. I have the noose about them. I vowed I would wipe out the blood that ran such a color."

"I may not love you," she said, and moved towards the window, her face now lowered. "'Tis wrong in you to ask this of me. 'Tis unnatural."

Warburton smiled, for in his eyes was the light of triumph. "Unnatural!" he echoed her. "No, my dear, but very much in tune with my feelings and yours. I read you like an open page. I am come to take vengeance on your house."

She shook again with a swift succession of emotions. "Would you take vengeance on a woman?" she cried, pitifully.

"Aye," said he, "on a woman, were she you."

"What! on me, on me?" she wailed, covering up her face.

"I read you like an open page," he said again. "I can compel you, Chloris. I give not a curse what motives press me; I know that I love you, and where my hand is laid there it stays. I am frank to you, for I love to see your face and its fears. But I shall claim you, child—you are mine."

"I am not yours," she answered, passionately. "I am myself. I am my own. Do you think a Carmichael is slave to any? You can take no vengeance on me unless you slay me. Here," she cried, in a sharper and more resolute voice, and pointing at her heaving bosom—"strike here. Yes, you shall strike here and slay me. Execute your revenge in this house, if you will. I have nothing to oppose to it. There is a dagger to your hand. I bid you strike!"

Even in the full quick rush of his hot feelings Warburton was arrested by some thought which rose up like a warning post before him. His course, so swif and giddy as it had become, yet was stayed for a mo ment by a suspicion—a vague and distant realizatio that here was something different from what he ha looked for. This voice and cry called from anothe spirit than he had imagined—a fainter spirit, a mor innocent spirit, the soul of a child rather than of a woman. But the fancy flashed and was gone; hi speed was so headlong he might not tarry to analyz the situation.

"I will not slay you," he said. "Men do not kil what they love. You are mine."

He took her in his arms, and once more her moo yielded, and she wept.

"Cruel! you hate me and my race," she sobbed.

"Nay, not you," said he. "But your race is evil You come of a black blood, Chloris. Come, why do yo weep? It is foolish. Is this the hard heart that i sorry for herself and laughed a month ago at a poo man's death?"

"I knew not he was dead," she sobbed. "I though 'twas but a quarrel."

And again something was stirred uncomfortably i Warburton's hot brain, but it passed; he drew he closer still.

"Weep not," he said, softly.

"I weep not for myself," she said. "I know no why I weep. It may be that I weep for the brother and the father you would destroy."

"Sweetheart," said he, "fear not! 'Tis enoug that you love me."

The breath of her nostrils stirred upon his neck. " love you; I love you!" she whispered, brokenly.

"Why, dear, I knew it from the first," said he. " am sworn against your house, yet you love me, an shall do as I desire."

CHAPTER XII

THE EYES OF CHLORIS

SUDDENLY there was a knocking upon the doo The girl stood for a moment aghast, and the ran with swift speed and shot the bolt softly and in audibly, turning a blanched face to Warburton.

"Chloris! Chloris!" called Nicholas Carmichael' voice. She was deathly white and deathly silent, an her features were in the grasp of a rigid terror.

"Chloris, it is I; open!" cried Nicholas Carmichae as Warburton had cried some time before.

"What is it you want?" answered Chloris at las "You are too late to enter."

"Pooh!" said her brother. "Let me in, and be no foolish. I desire some talk with you," and he rattle the handle of the door in his impatience.

"You cannot enter, Nicholas," she cried, breathin deeply, and with some vehemence in her voice. "I a —'tis too late. I am not prepared for you."

"Damme!" said Nicholas, "why all this ceremony?

"I am disrobed," she cried, with a gasp in he throat; and on that followed a little silence. "What is it you want with me? I will dress and come to you."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

"Open the door," he said, roughly, and shook it again. She cast a terrified look on Warburton, who had stood still, his face inanimate, watching her dispassionately now, and even with a look of wonder. He made a sign, and stepping back, put the lamp low, shrinking into the shadows. Chloris unbolted the door, and faced her brother.

"Are you gone to bed?" he asked.

She held herself within the darkness lest he should perceive. "'Tis late," she said. "What want you?"

"Chloris, there is some damnable business afoot," he said, angrily. "Have you seen my father?"

"Nay," she answered; "I left him in the library reading."

"True—there he lay when I came in. But why? Know you why we are on the hills to-night?"

"There is a cargo run?" she suggested, faintly.

"Would that leave the house deserted?" he asked, with a sneer. "'Tis that damned meddler Warburton. We had a line across the island to catch him, but he has escaped us. He entered the house."

She uttered a cry.

"'Tis my father says so," went on Nicholas. "There was a duel, and the devil left him for dead. Whither did he go, I ask you? He entered the house; his feet went up the stairs."

"Went up the stairs," she echoed, blankly.

"Aye," said he. "Do you know anything? Have you heard anything? You have been awake."

"I—I—dozed," she murmured.

"It is nonsense," said he. "You would hear such sounds."

"It may be he went lightly," she said.

"You must have heard him," he urged, impatiently. "Come, Chloris, it is important that I should know. He holds all our lives, damn him! Did you hear no noise?"

"There was only the sound of the sea," she replied, after a pause, "and a bird that sang in the thickets."

"Pish!" said he. "What do you tremble at?"

"What would you do with him, Nicholas?" she asked, tremulously.

"Hang him to the cedar, throw him on the Frenchmen's knives—I care not what, but he shall never leave Lynsea alive. Why do you tremble? Your voice shakes. What is it you fear?"

"I—I fear for you, Nicholas," she answered, brokenly.

He laughed. "Better fear for him," he said, scornfully.

"I fear for my father," she said.

"True; he is desperately ill," he answered. "You may fear for him. It lies against that man Warburton. There was a sound of weeping in the room, sister. How came you weeping?"

"I was weeping for myself, brother," she answered.

"Bah! what have you to weep for? We Carmichaels are of stiffer stuff. You are no pap-child with day-dreams."

"I have no mother, Nicholas; she is long dead," said she, very low to hear.

He was silent, and then, "You heard no sound?" he asked again.

"I heard nothing save the sea and the late birds calling," she said. He turned away with a brusque good-night, and Chloris, at the door, listened to his descending feet. Then she closed the door, and turned to Warburton, where he lay hidden in the obscure shadows. He put up the lamp, and the illumination showed her countenance as white as her gown.

"I have saved you," she burst forth, eagerly, moving her slender hands towards him instinctively.

"No; you have saved your brother," said Warburton. She watched him with a heaving of the bosom and a long shuddering indrawing of the breath.

"Is my father dead?" she asked, in a whisper.

"If he is dead," said he, coldly, "'tis by no act of mine. He would force a duel upon me, but I could not fight an old man. I could have pierced him through, but I threw down the sword."

"How can you escape?" she asked, wildly.

His brain was beset with doubts; he seemed to himself in a haze, by which things were distorted out of just proportions. Then he could not think rightly nor determine his plan among these bewildering emotions. The huge body of that strong will and mature, shaken in its foundations, rolled and wavered and might not come to rest.

"I will go," said he.

She clung to him. "How can you go with those awaiting you?" she asked, pleadingly.

"Tut, child, I will go. I do not fear them," he said, putting her with decision from him. He was so greatly harassed with his thoughts that even her touch was nothing to him.

"Let me come with you," she cried, beseeching him with her spirited eyes. "If you must die I shall die with you."

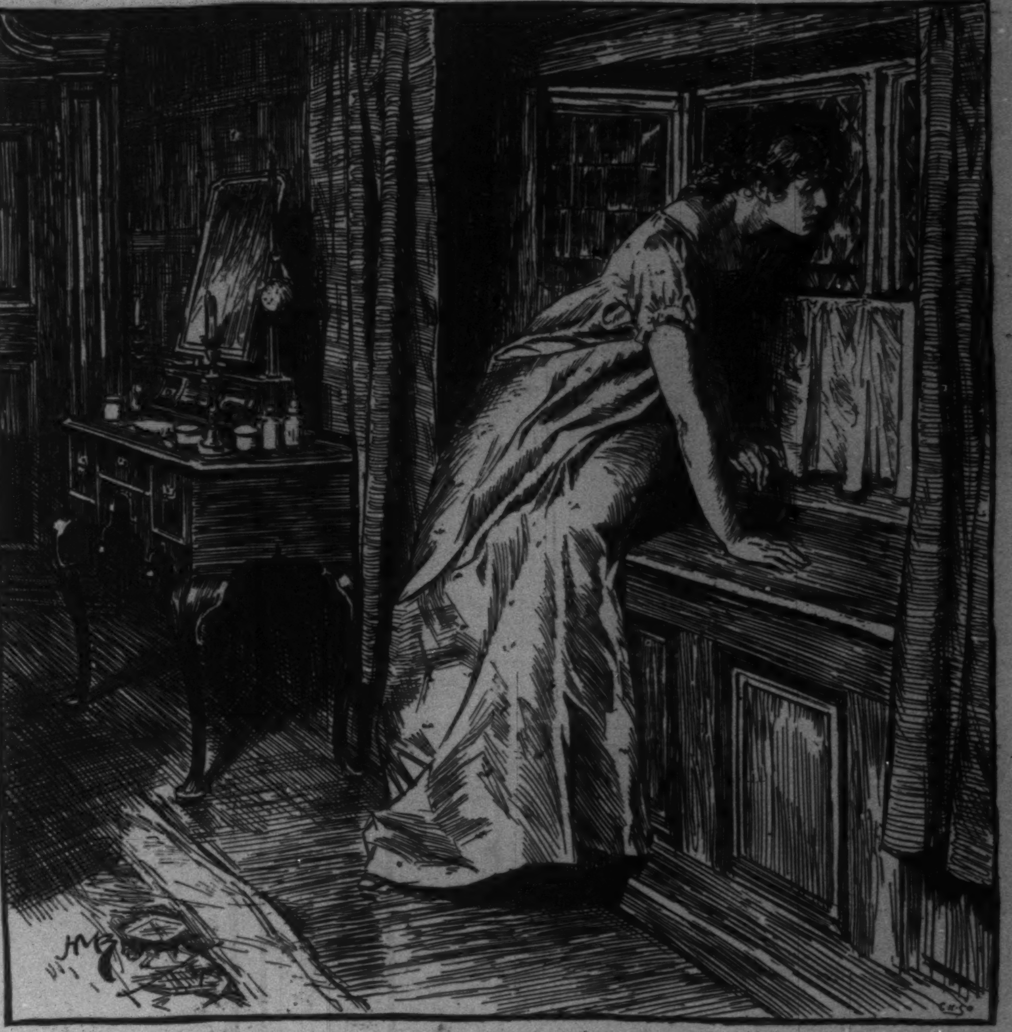
"You speak wildly, Chloris dear," said he more gently. "Get you to your bed and slumber. I am arbiter of my fate, and no woman."

She let him go. "I cannot move you," she said, shortly. "It is true what you say. There is no one who can persuade you. Go then to what awaits you. I cannot help you."

He laughed. "I shall help myself."

She sprang upon him in a tide of passion, and put her arms about his neck, crying out that she loved him, and that he should not die, while Warburton listened with quiet patience, soothing her. Already he had set his face to the hills and the sea, and was already in his mind assured of some conflict in the night. He put her aside and went to the door.

"Sleep soundly, child," said he, and vanished into the darkness, very still and sudden. Chloris Carmichael ran to the door, and stood listening to his footfalls, till they died away, and then she heard the creak of a door that was opened in the distance; at which she sped like a frightened bird to the window that looked on the park. She threw herself upon the sill, and then, half leaning and half sitting, stared out of the jewelled panes into a starless night, as if she could rend and dissever the blackness and discover what she desired. Warburton passed through the empty hall, unhindered, and opening the great door, stepped out upon the upper terrace. As he went down the slope of lawns he turned and looked at the upper windows. From Chloris's room the yellow eyes of the millions peeered down at him, and as he watched the window slid open, and Chloris's face appeared in the gap, gold with the yellow lamp and the golden hangings. He saw it again when he looked some time later, from the margin of the park, but blurred and faint and dwindled. It was infinitely little in the vast blackness of night. It shone to him like a friendly star or beacon guiding him upon his course; yet so little might that tiny speck of light avail against the immensity of darkness, that when he cast back a glance again, it was wholly gone, swallowed and confounded in the melancholy night.



SHE STARED OUT OF THE JEWELLED PANES INTO A STARLESS NIGHT.

And yet this night, which had grown so thick, was hardly among Warburton's foes. Its shadows were friendly to him, serving him for a refuge as he threaded his way across Lynsea. He travelled in that darkness as safe as in a ship over stormy waters and among treacherous rocks. He had a plan before him, marked out quickly, and slowly and tenaciously developed; for he was resolved to leave the island ere the morning rose and exposed him to his unscrupulous enemies. There was one way to do this, and, so far as he could see, one way only. No boat was available, and he must swim to the mainland. The point for decision in his mind was at what place to jump off upon this hazardous enterprise. The Gut was but half a mile across at the narrowest, yet he had already had a taste of these roaring seas, and he shrank from adventuring there again. On the other hand, to reach the village from which he had embarked that morning would be to swim more than a mile. Sometimes he thought of the Gut with a growing resolution.

"Aye, the Gut it shall be," he said.

But at once returned the memory of the cutter afloat bottom upwards, and of a man tossing wildly to the dwindling stars. And through the current of these grave reflections passed a most bewildered dread, that assailed him and came back freshly to the attack, biting and stinging in his conscience. Now that he was fairly in the open he could not throw off the amazing doubt that had beset him in Chloris's presence. Had he done her a wrong in his interpretation of her conduct and her character? Was it possible, after all, that she was what she had seemed this night, nothing but a white and passionate virginal soul, capable of a great sacrifice, generous to the pitch of folly, and blazing with sincerity? His mind moved very reluctantly upon its hinges and very gradually; yet it appeared to be turning obstinately in that direction. A man of sharper wit or a keener imagination would have come to a conclusion at once, and taken one direction or another. But Warburton was not of such stuff. He was slow, conscientious, dogged, and he labored upon his problem with patience, good temper, and courage, yet with increasing dismay and rising agitation. By the time he had reached the beach he was a tangle of troubled doubts. His heart beat strangely, and his body went hot and cool in the alternation of his emotions. Had he brought ruin upon one poor pitiful girl, destitute of her friends, and under the bloody hands of that alien house? The supposition brought him up with a gasp and a shudder, and he muttered to himself, standing upon the brink of the water, and eying an invisible and moaning sea.

"By God! but I should deserve what I am promised," he exclaimed, with an oath. "Yet," he added, "I will never believe it; I cannot credit it. She is too like a witch. 'Tis in that blood."

Heaven was stark blackness, in which not even one small white star opened. The wind came off the land, sweet and sighing, and out of the abysm before him rose the hollow voices of the channel, some near and loud, and others incredibly faint and distant. The flaws and the tides were moving in the Gut, and the waters rocked and fought together. Warburton, from his post on the margin of the sands, could see the water gray-black at his feet, but it joined the general darkness at a little distance and became not a sketch of ocean with tumbling waves and rollers, but a monstrous musical and terrifying song, drummed out the night and drowning in the ears.

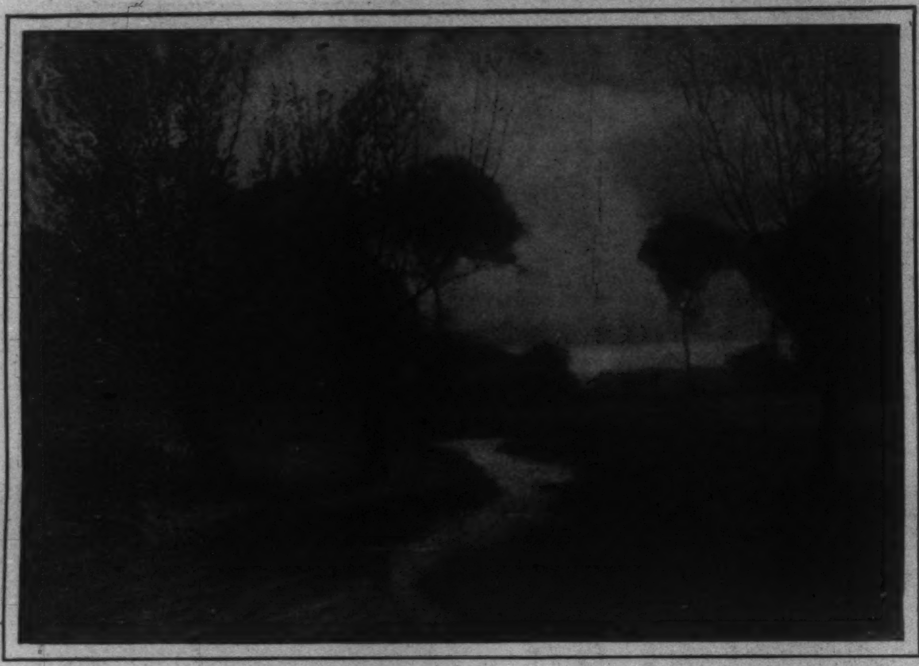
He heard it with but half his mind, for he was sorely beleaguered by his remorseful doubts. A wave of shame struck out from his heart and overwhelmed him, so that he cursed savagely and made a vehement step forward. He slipped, his face struck the cool sea, and the next moment he was in deep water, and the tide was drawing him outwards.

"By Heaven! 'tis the best thing," said he, as he flung his arms out in a great stroke. "'Tis a foe that I can fight, and at least 'tis no woman."

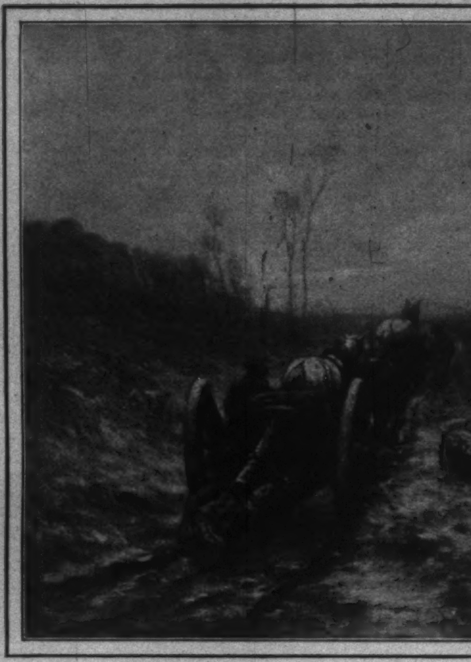
This was now the third time he had been obliged to give battle to that outlandish sea, and it passed through his head that his fortune must indeed be involved in the waters of that broken coast. The third time, according to the voice of superstition, was accounted ominous, and he could not guess whether for him the omens were good or bad.

The salt was in his mouth, and heavy weights dragged at his feet, as though he were being pulled in silence downward into those immeasurable deeps by clutching hands. The cold waves buffeted his face, surging under and around him, and he tossed like a chip, submerged and rearising; there was in his ears a dull and vacant roaring as of a sound from unfathomable wells far away. He knew that this struggle could not last. Yet, strangely enough, his wits were sharper and his mind more tenacious than ever; while his senses flowed slowly from him, and their impressions grew dull, feeble, and unreal, the life burned brightly in his brain, turning him to the contemplation of things bygone and distant. All sounds fell into a low and very far away murmur, the wind and the waves rocked him; and then there was of a sudden a jar, a convulsion shook him—and his feet were upon sand in shallow water, while his body rose and fell with the movements of a great patch of sea-weed on which he lay.

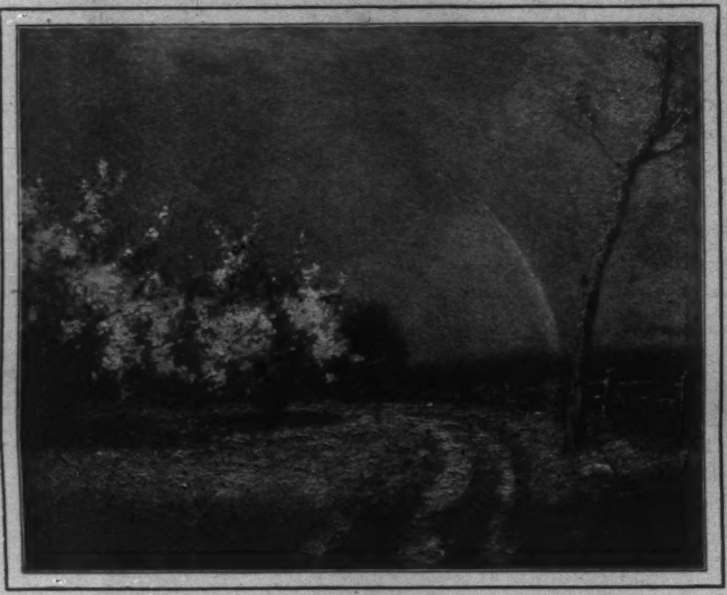
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



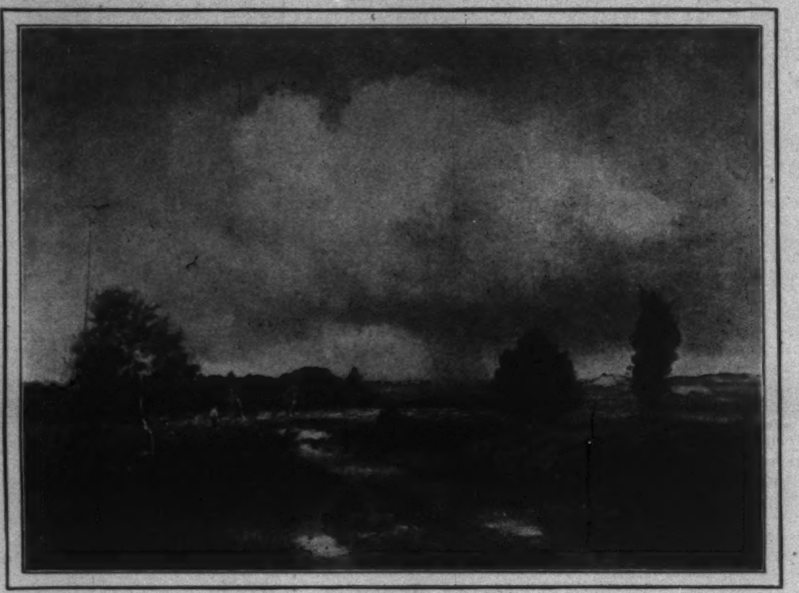
"MOONLIGHT ON THE SOUND."—LEONARD OCHTMAN.



"EVENING."—CARLETON WIGGINS.



"MAY SHOWER."—BRUCE CRANE.



"CHALE, ISLE OF WIGHT."—GEORGE H. BOGERT.

The Society of Landscape Painters

REPRESENTATION by group has much to recommend it. No doubt it denudes the larger exhibitions of a great many interesting pictures, held back for the special display; but the latter, for compensation, has the advantage of being limited in extent and more choice in selection. Nearly everything will repay study, and the gross application demanded is not too exhausting. And when, as in this case, one branch only of painting is represented, the unison of subject adds materially to the enjoyment. One can key one's observation to a certain pitch and keep it thereto. That the subject is landscape, also, makes this exhibition particularly noteworthy. This is the branch in which American painters, as a body, are doing the most individual work. The reason is quite intelligible: on the one hand, motives for study abound on all sides, there is no need for the painter to rack his brain for a subject; and, on the other hand, nature invites a first-eye study.

While this gives interest and importance to the exhibitions of the Society of Landscape Painters, one must be careful to note that this little group of twelve men neither exhausts the number of our prominent landscapes nor is even representative of all the best tendencies of landscape art in this country. It represents nothing except its individual members; therefore the visitor to the exhibition must avoid drawing any general conclusions as to anything beyond what he actually sees upon the walls. And this is written not in depreciation of the present exhibition; it is "not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more."

The fundamental difference between American landscape art of to-day and that of the period antedating 1880 is that while the older work was largely based on studio tradition and receipts, and its aim was to produce an accurate transcript of nature, the modern painter relies, or professes to rely, solely on the study of nature, and in his choice and treatment of subject sacrifices literalness and unimportant accuracies in favor of the larger and simpler facts, aiming particularly to represent the truth of light and atmosphere.

One of the twelve represented in this exhibition, Robert C. Minor, is perhaps the best exponent in America of the romantic landscape. He shows several examples here, notably "Midsummer Night." Strong emotional suggestion has inspired them, and is in turn expressed by them. In the coloring there are depth and force; and in the distribution of lights and darks an energy at times passionate in its intensity of feeling. They are beautiful pictures rather than truthful records of nature, representing nature made conducive to the painter's poetic vision.

Here is Leonard Ochtman, for example, with a "Moonlight on the Sound," a picture that one may compare with one of Mr. Minor's night pieces. But how different it is, both in method of approaching the subject and, therefore, in its result! Mr. Ochtman starts with no poetic fancy, but with all a poet's quick receptivity to the most intimate qualities of the scene; he studies them with infinite patience, and his record is true, with the consequence that the very faithfulness to what he sees secures its subtle spiritual qualities, and so the picture is delightfully poetic in sentiment. It captivates one immediately, and further study of the profoundly minute analysis and of the mastery of synthesis—that is to say, of knowing just what to choose and how to arrange it—makes captive of the intelligence as well as of the emotions. There is no need, as the schoolboy said of the lesser prophets, "to draw distinctions between these holy men"; yet one may note that Mr. Ochtman's work seems to represent more nearly the modern conception of landscape in its union of realism and impressionism—words which are used in many senses, but here in the sense of having a clear, well-rounded, single-minded idea of how the scene affects one, and then of realizing it by the closest attention to the natural appearances, especially to the action of light upon the various color masses.

Another painter, whose work, in this sense, is distinctly impressionistic, is J. Francis Murphy. That is to say, his impression of the scene is a clear pictorial vision before he touches the canvas. One may think that he even carries this quality too far, or rather limits its play, having, these later years, eyes only for the orange and red and green of autumn, with its qualifying enchantment of misty atmosphere. But with the restricted stretch of interest he has attained a mastery of expression that makes his landscapes, separately, very delightful; but nevertheless one feels inclined to wish for him a wider scope of sympathy. The same thought is suggested by Walter L. Palmer, who is so consistently addicted to snow scenes. There is one in this exhibition, "Morning after the Snow," very admirable, but treated in his usual way, as if the aspect of a snow scene were invariable. He also shows several Venetian pictures, bright and joyous in color, but ordinary in character; no better nor worse than hundreds of other renderings, having nothing more to relate than the casual visitor would notice in the scene, whereas we are justified in expecting a landscape-painter, like a poet, to help us to an insight more intimate than that of the average eye.

One of our young painters, whose work is admirably virile, is George H. Bogert. The volume and movement of pent-up clouds, swelling with wind and moisture, particularly attracts him, and leads him to seek his subjects in Holland, as in most of these examples, though one has been gleaned at "Chale—Isle of Wight." Probably no American landscape-painter to-day can express with more directness and vigor the large effects of nature; it will be interesting to note if increasing age gives him an equal mastery over its subtleties. Perhaps, if he makes up his mind to settle down to the painting of American landscape, it will. For example, there is another young painter, Charles H. Davis. His home is at Mystic, Connecticut. There is beauty in the very name of this place, and from the scenery about it Mr. Davis extracts increasing beauty.

A painter possessed of great directness of vision, which enables him to pierce through the appearance of things to the sentiment within them, is Frederick W. Kost. His five examples, on this occasion, show more variety than usual, but in each case an independence and thoroughness of vision altogether admirable. Another very personal painter is Bruce Crane. He has considerable versatility also, and at times it operates as an alloy to the other quality; but here he shows, at least, two pictures which merit special attention. One is a "May Shower," in which delicate blossom and verdure are contrasted with a pitilessly sullen sky; and the other, "Peace at Night." The latter is a village scene of white cottages in moonlight. One has often seen the subject treated before, and therefore can appreciate the individuality displayed on this occasion.

The other painters represented are William A. Coffin, Walter Clark, R. Swain Gifford, and Carleton Wiggins; all of them to advantage, so that one regrets the limitations of space which render a detailed notice of their work impossible.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

EVEN the staid English seem not to lack capacity for enthusiasm. They went much crazier over the relief of Mafeking than the more mercurial Americans went over any of the breath-bating exploits of the Spanish war. They will excuse themselves presently by insisting that the relief of Mafeking, after long suspense and anxiety, better warranted an outburst of popular feeling than Dewey's May-day victory, Roosevelt's capture of San Juan, the rout of the canned beef by Shafter's army, or any other of our recent military achievements. Perhaps we would have shouted louder two years ago if we had had to wait longer for our chances, but we could not have been more fervent in our demonstrations than our cousins were on May 19.

They have a new hero now in General Baden-Powell. Luckily for him it will be some time before he can get home to be lionized, but in any case he may hope to have better luck than Hobson or even Dewey, for the British have better conveniences than we have for rewarding and honoring their heroes. Parliament feels less delicacy about voting them round sums of money than Congress does, and there are ribbons and titles which are easy to confer and seem to give satisfaction to their recipients.

Then, too, there is Mr. Austin's poetry, which is a safeguard against excessive exhilaration, and a protection to the hero against the reaction which is so apt to come when the popular fancy has been over-stimulated. When the crowd sobers up and feels like throwing bricks, it relieves itself by heaving them at Mr. Austin, leaving the hero in peace and welcome obscurity.

* * *

THE tendency of Americans whose associations just now are all with Englishmen seems to be to gravitate rather violently to the British side of the dispute with the Boers. This is particularly noticeable in those Americans who are in the field in company with the British troops, and it is not surprising in them, for in actual war even an observer is bound to take sides, and the British fighting-man is a genial companion whose side it is only too easy for his American comrade to take. At least one American, however, who keeps English company and writes freely about South-African concerns seems not as yet to have been stampeded by his affiliation, and that is Mr. Poultney Bigelow. He lives in London, and it is true he thinks the British should win, if only for the Transvaal's own sake, for he knows his South Africa pretty well, and he prefers British rule there to Boer rule. But he is moderate. He believes the Dutch and English will merge in South Africa in due time, and he deprecates any needless acts of punishment or revenge that would tend to delay their union. Writing in the New York *Times*, he speaks of Kruger as one of the world's great rebels, whose graves have marked the way of human progress, and when educated Englishmen talk of hanging Kruger and Steyn, Mr. Bigelow does not like it.

Educated Englishmen who talk of hanging Paul Kruger must be very far on the wrong side of the stock-market, or be suffering from other distress which for the time being has impaired their judgment. Their brains must have been overtaxed as well as their pockets. The wonder is that the idea of such a monstrous blunder should be widely enough entertained in London to make its inexpediency seem worth pointing out.

* * *

THE fear that the authorities at Yale will find it necessary to shut down their institution for a time because of the obstreperousness of the Sophomore societies seems hardly warranted. The newspapers, it is true, have been agreed that the situation is pretty desperate, and the facts as they reported them were grave enough. The feeling that the Sophomore societies had become possessed of more than their share of the university was so general and so powerful last winter that a committee of undergraduate notables was formally appointed to confer, ratiocinate, and suggest suitable procedure. On this committee the Sophomore societies were represented. Its members, after profound and protracted consideration, contrived a plan for clipping the Sophomore societies' wings, which was approved and accepted by the general voice of the university. Nothing remained except for the Sophomore societies to submit gracefully to the prescribed trimming down. To the surprise and discomfiture of all Yale, they proved refractory and withhold their concurrence with the plan adopted. The greatest happiness of the greatest number seemed as nothing to them. They reasoned apparently that the whole was greater than a part, and should govern, and that they, being obviously the whole thing, it was improper for them to be influenced by motives other than such as were based on enlightened self-interest. Their attitude was so disconcerting to the rest of the university community at New Haven that the Yale faculty, which is wisely and deeply reluctant to meddle with any of the undergraduate organizations, felt constrained on May 22 to meet and pass a resolution declaring that the interests of the university demanded that the Sophomore societies should take in no new members until further notice. It was a question for a time whether the restrained societies would not retaliate by issuing an injunction against further meetings of the faculty, but report, which at this writing seems credible, says that the Sophomores have deemed it politic to make concessions, and will commit the societies which they are leaving to the plan devised by the conference. It is very much to be hoped that this report may prove to be well founded, for the Yale bicentennial is coming on, and it could hardly be as successful as it should be unless it finds at New Haven a united and harmonious family.

* * *

IT seems that the report of the committee on temperance at the recent General Conference of the Methodist Church advised pledges against tobacco, "and that our people will abstain from its use, and also from trafficking in this poison to the souls and bodies of men." This seems rather severe on tobacco, which some very fair men—as the late Bishop Brooks—have used with considerable freedom, without showing conspicuous symptoms of having poisoned their souls, however it may have been with their bodies.

This same temperance committee at the Methodist Conference, which led the charge against the army canteen, expressed in its report a good many opinions and convictions which have staggered even the more grave and austere of the worldlings who have followed its work. There seem to be grounds for the suspicion that our Methodist brethren do not select for service in their temperance committee the men whose experience of life is best adapted to qualify them for such a post. The temperance committee devotes itself chiefly to the rum question, with some supplementary concern as above about tobacco, but its work gives no sign that it includes among its members any person whatever who ever drinks rum or smokes tobacco, or has had any competent personal experience of the use of those commodities. A sprinkling of spinsters is a first-rate thing for a mothers' meeting, but a mothers' meeting that was all spinsters would excite smiles. So a sprinkling of abstainers is doubtless good for a temperance committee, but a temperance committee that is all abstainers is a ludicrous aggregation, the deliberations of which cannot reasonably be expected to add to knowledge. The proper timber for temperance committees is temperate men who have a fuller knowledge of rum than can as yet be obtained from physiological school-books, who know more about the uses and abuses of tobacco than is taught in most girls' boarding-schools, and who have besides a reasonably full experience of human nature and of folks.

* * *

KANSAS CITY has had a suffering time in getting ready for the National Democratic Convention which is to meet there on July 4. When it invited the Democrats to test its hospitalities, it raised $50,000 for the use of the Democratic National Committee, and expected that another $50,000 at the outside would suffice for all its expenses. But the hall in which the convention was to have met burned down, and had to be rebuilt at the time when steel and all building materials were at their highest price. Organized labor saw its opportunity and put the price of labor up, and it is still a question whether a strike, or a series of strikes, will not make it impossible to get the convention hall ready in time. At best the convention will cost the town $250,000, which is about a dollar and a half for every inhabitant. But the money is being raised, and will be forth-coming, and the necessary work is being hurried along. The city has a good equipment of hotels, and has had some experience of crowds, having handled a hundred thousand visitors several times before. Its bed-room and restaurant facilities will be helped out by a swarm of Pullman cars, in which many visitors who come from a distance will live. Whoever goes to the Democratic show will see a national convention, which is always a memorable sight, and will also see a Western town on its mettle. That is likely to be a remarkable sight also, and worth reading about when described as the newspaper correspondents will describe it.

* * *

AN allusion to "the New England conscience" in a recent paragraph on this page of the WEEKLY has prompted a correspondent, who "is not a New-Englander and glad of it," to inquire wherein the New England conscience is different from other consciences, and why inferior to them?" Its distinctive qualities are well recognized, and are supposed to result from peculiarities of soil, diet, climate, and education. The New England conscience combines in very exceptional degree the qualities of activity and hardiness. It is highly sensitive to certain species of impressions, and yet, like some other highly organized creatures, it shows at times astonishing powers of digestion. Among the defects attributed to it (perhaps unjustly) are stringiness and lack of juice. Far from being inferior to other consciences, it surpasses all in endurance and power of work, habitually getting through its domestic duties early in the day, and having many hours daily in which to be smitten by the sins of other peoples.

* * *

THE Boxers, of whose activities in North China we read from day to day, get their name from their behavior. In Chinese they are the I Ho Ch'uan (Righteous Harmony Fists). A correspondent of the American Bible Society writes that the sect only began to be noticed about a year and a half ago. It grew fast, its adherents forming in small bands of gymnasts under a more or less crazy leader, wild in speech and frequent in contortion. The society is fanatical and nominally secret. Its first manifestations were directed against the Roman Catholics, but its hostility soon spread to all foreigners or converts to foreign notions. Bands of Boxers have gone about pillaging and rioting, with very limited restraint from the authorities. The Bible Society's informant believes that the movement the Boxers represent is favored by the Dowager Empress and the supporters of the old order in China. He reports that the native resistance to them is very feeble, and that there is no prospect of their being suppressed, except as a result of united and determined pressure from the foreign ministers.

* * *

WE are to have fresh news from the south pole. Explorer Borchgrevink has got back to Tasmania on the *Southern Cross*, after an antarctic summer, and the brief despatch which records his arrival credits him with saying that his expedition had been highly successful, and that when he reached Sydney he would announce discoveries which would astonish the scientific world. We begin to get accustomed to the idea of an accessible antarctic continent which stays put between visits, and from which explorers return at the time set. When the explorers have done their work at the south pole we may expect the prospectors to take their turn, and from their researches very interesting results are of course possible. Gold-mines in Alaska have a good deal of fairy-tale glamour about them, but gold-mines in the extreme South would be more extraordinary still.

* * *

NEWS from London of the grave illness of Stephen Crane, and slight prospects of his recovery, has grieved many of his countrymen who have come to know him through his writings. He has won a definite place for himself among the American story-tellers of the day, and has thousands of admiring and sympathetic friends who hope that his illness may yet take a better turn.

* * *

CAPTAIN OBERLIN CARTER has gone to the military prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, to serve his sentence of five years for defrauding the government in his management of the harbor work at Savannah. There never seemed to be any good reason to doubt the correctness of the findings of the court-martial which found Carter guilty, but any misgivings that any one may have had can scarcely survive the report, lately published, of E. I. Johnson, the accountant employed by Attorney-General Griggs to assist in finding out all about the frauds at Savannah. This report shows that repeatedly when Carter issued a disbursing-check to the contractors a third of the amount of such check was withdrawn from deposit, and that coincidently Carter bought securities for almost exactly the amount of the sum so withdrawn. More than $550,000 was traced in this way into Carter's possession. When his father-in-law, Mr. Westcott, denied that the securities so purchased were bought for him, and showed Carter's receipts for all securities that had been left with him, it seemed to remove the last possibility of belief in Carter's innocence. There is no objection to sympathy for Carter as a sinner undergoing punishment, but sympathy based on the possibility that he is not guilty seems absolutely unwarranted.

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO reports represent the Chinese of that city as exceedingly averse to being inoculated with the Haffkine serum as a safeguard against the bubonic plague. No one can blame them. There are 50,000 Chinese, or thereabouts, in San Francisco, and the serum has been prescribed for all of them, but for no one else. The reason is that the health officers declare that there have been six cases of bubonic plague in San Francisco, and all of them in the Chinese quarter. Inasmuch as the Chinese do not come forward cheerfully and take their inoculation with good grace, but put their shutters up and take refuge behind locked doors, it is not likely that the health authorities will attempt a wholesale administration of the serum as yet. They have already inoculated the dwellers in the buildings where the cases of plague were said to have occurred, and for the time being seem content with that. Meanwhile the railroads have been instructed not to carry any Chinamen out of the State of California, and 25,000 bottles of the Haffkine preventive have been forwarded from Washington to San Francisco, so if there really is any plague there the authorities are ready for it.

* * *

JONAS GILMAN CLARK, the founder of Clark University, at Worcester, died in that city on May 23. He was a Massachusetts farmer's son, of *Mayflower* descent, born in 1815, and began work, with a public-school education, as apprentice to a carriage-maker in Boston. In 1853, being then thirty-eight years old, he went to California, where the gold-fever then raged, and made money, which in due time he brought to New York and employed very advantageously in the banking business. Clark University was opened in 1889 with an endowment of $2,000,000, to which its founder added other important sums. It is devoted largely to postgraduate study and original research. It was Mr. Clark's chief interest in the closing years of his life, and he worked constantly to strengthen and develop it.

THE VALLEY OF DESOLATION, NEAR GRAAFF-REINET, ON THE LINE OF GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCE.

The Cause of the Boers

BY C. H. WESSELS

One of the three Special Envoys from the Boer Republics to the United States

THE special commission of the Orange Free State and of the South African Republic, now in this country and of which I am a member, has one well-defined object in view—intervention by the United States, for the purpose of restoring peace in South Africa. By this is meant peace with full liberty for the two republics, such as they enjoyed before the outbreak of hostilities. Such a peace need not be at all impossible, provided that Great Britain is willing to meet our people half-way. We are willing to make any honorable concessions, provided that we can retain that liberty for which we have fought and are fighting.

We have always been willing to make concessions. We have always been willing to arbitrate. Great Britain it was that sought any and every subterfuge to avoid a peaceful settlement of the differences in question. This is not an empty assertion, for every one in Bloemfontein at the time President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner met there last autumn is aware of the fact that had the latter desired a peaceful settlement it could have been accomplished. At the time the Transvaal was willing and even anxious to arbitrate, for the Transvaal was in the right. Britain, on the other hand, had an object in view—the acquisition of the gold-bearing lands above the Vaal River. So the result of the conference was a foregone conclusion.

Now we are here to ask that America, the home of liberty, help us to retain our national independence. We have always been free, despite the contention of Britain that she held the Transvaal in a state of suzerainty. That state of affairs was abrogated by the treaty of 1884. We ask now that the United States, whose friendship is most necessary to Britain's future welfare, intimate to Britain that the war has gone far enough, and that the differences causing hostilities should be submitted to an independent tribunal. We will make any just concession as to franchise and taxation, but not one hair's-breadth will we deviate from our determination to be free.

No matter what comes, be it good or bad, the burghers will battle on for liberty, even as the men of '76 battled for their freedom. We will never cease that fight until success has crowned our efforts. Let Lord Roberts take Pretoria—what do we care?—for Pretoria is only a name. The capital of the Transvaal is Potchefstrom; but what matters it where the capital is, so long as there is one burgher left to fight for his country. Our governments can meet anywhere—in any farm-house—that would be the capital for the time being. Let Lord Roberts take Johannesburg if he can—provided that Johannesburg is still in existence when he gets that far north—the burghers will still fight on.

We will fight for a year, ten years, fifty years—as long as one burgher remains to pull a trigger or to lift a finger. Britain may overwhelm us by superior numbers, but she can never conquer us entirely. The military occupation of our country does not signify that she has conquered our people. That is impossible, for Britain has sowed such a heritage of hate in the heart of every Afrikander and Boer that never again will she be able to rule without bayonets and gunpowder. Though we may be beaten now, we will continue to fight. Guerilla warfare will be waged until Britain tires. She will have to maintain 100,000 men in South Africa for many years to come, and then, when all seems tranquil, when British supremacy seems fully established—then the Boer will rise again to fight once more for the liberty he loves so well. We are not paid to fight for our country—we are fighting for its national existence, and we will fight much harder than even the least sanguine Briton imagines. Paul Kruger's warning that the price of our liberty would stagger humanity will be carried out to the letter. Every burgher will prove an individual army that will strike where least expected. Every child in arms will be taught to battle against the invader. The world will be astonished at the spectacle, as well as horrified.

THE VAAL RIVER NEAR VEREENIGUNG.

This is why we have come here—to appeal to America to stop this useless shedding of blood. Our homes are weighed with woe; our hearts are rent with pain. And many a heart is sad in Britain. We are not alone the sufferers—and we have no bitter feeling against the men fighting against us. They have been paid the Queen's shilling, and must go to their death—brave hirelings—brave men, but battling in a wrong cause.

This is the second time that the Transvaal has had to appeal for intervention against Britain. In 1881, after the battle of Majuba Hill, Britain prepared to send a large army to South Africa to conquer the Transvaal Boers. It was then that our good President, John Brand, sent an appeal to Britain's Queen asking her to stop the slaughter in the name of humanity. Then she had a noble man to counsel her—Gladstone. Now, when a similar appeal has been made, she has rejected it, counselled by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury.

We trust that our mission here will succeed, but if it should fail, we will fight on, encouraged by the knowledge that we have the sympathy of the American public. In order that America may better understand the situation in South Africa and that it may better realize the terrible wrong Britain has done, I will tell of the causes leading up to the present rupture.

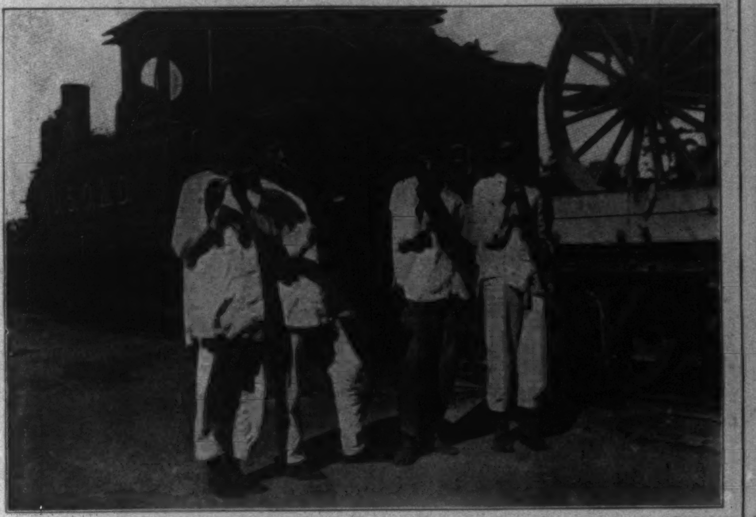
There are two primary causes—unlucky speculation and investment on the part of certain financiers and politicians and their unholy desire to get possession of the great mineral lands of the Transvaal. The former cause was also the cause of the second move or desire. Every one who has lived in South Africa for any length of time knows that South Africa is, to a great extent, at the mercy of a certain ring of so-called financiers. They have built up huge fortunes out of nothing at the expense of the country. They began at Kimberley, using more or less above-board methods. They accumulated money, and for a time were content. Then, in a cursed moment, gold was discovered, or rather rediscovered, in the Transvaal. Then the Kimberley financiers turned their greedy attentions to gold.

Hundreds of syndicates and companies were floated, with enormous capitalization and little if any prospect of ever paying dividends. Then came a manufactured boom in mining stocks, which sent shares sky-high. But of course this could not last forever, and the crash came. In order to recoup their losses and to save themselves from utter financial destruction the capitalists sought for new ventures.

The first of these ventures, the acquisition of Mashonaland, had proved such a fiasco that the financiers were wellnigh frantic. So they obtained a "concession" from poor drunken King Lobengula of the Matabeles—a sot, so fat that breathing was a torture and voluntary movement almost an impossibility. He sold his birthright to Mr. Rudd for a literal mess of pottage, and the immense tract over which he ruled passed into the possession of the financiers. The British South Africa Company, Chartered, was the result, with Rhodesia as an addenda.

But once again the financiers were disappointed. Rhodesia proved a white elephant, and once again did the financiers seek for some saving device in the shape of a concession. So naught was left for the disgruntled financiers but to scheme for the forcible annexation of the Transvaal. A press bureau, for the dissemination of lies about the Boers, was started, and did its nefarious work with an energy worthy of a better cause. All sorts of trivial happenings, such as are utterly overlooked if they occur in London, were magnified until even the Boers almost believed in their own iniquity. So circumstantial were these lies that even their perpetrators began to believe them. According to the press bureau we committed every crime except cannibalism, and hints of that were included in the category of charges brought against us.

Of course this campaign of slander prepared the way for a government protest—



A FILIPINO BAMBOO BAND.

Photograph by William Dinwiddie.

The native music of the Philippine Islanders is rendered almost exclusively on home-made instruments. These are built of bamboo, the big horns having but one note each, while the reed (at the left in the picture) carries the air.

in behalf of the over-credulous British public. They believed, and their belief has cost them 30,000 men and $200,000,000 so far. All this time Cecil Rhodes was beguiling the Afrikander Bond with half-veiled promises and allusions, until its members were under the impression that he favored almost anything from nominal British suzerainty to absolute independence as a United States of South Africa. Fooled and lulled into security, the Afrikanders and the Boers plodded along in their slow way, never dreaming of harm. Then came the infamous Jameson raid. There are documents in existence to-day that prove without a doubt the complicity of the British government. We were successful at that time, and we showed mercy unwarranted by circumstances and undeserved.

Basest ingratitude was the thanks meted out to President Kruger for his humanity, for no sooner did matters quiet down a bit than the campaign of vituperation was renewed with redoubled fury. A drunken policeman shot a man in Johannesburg during a quarrel. The affair was most unfortunate, and was deeply regretted by the burghers, but Britain was horrified beyond words. And yet every day there are much worse crimes committed in London. Every nation harbors criminals and wrong-doers, but that is no reason why the entire nation should be damned, as was done with the Transvaal. The most absurd accusations were made, and finally, when British opinion was ripe, demands were made upon the Transvaal which were unjust and unjustifiable.

Suppose that a man were to enter his neighbor's house and insist that the neighbor cease eating meat. Would he be considered sane? Yet Britain demanded that the Transvaal reduce the years required to become a citizen. But the Transvaal was willing to make concessions in this respect, and would have done so without discussion did it not realize that Britons wanted the rights of citizenship without renouncing their allegiance to the Queen. That is why the government hesitated. Finally it was decided to make a counter-proposition to Britain. A conference was held at Bloemfontein, but Britain rejected all concessions, for her financiers wanted war. No matter what the Transvaal proposed, Britain rejected it. And all this time she was pouring troops into Natal, with a view to making a dash through the passes of the precipitous Drakensberg. The Transvaal government soon realized the trend of affairs, and despite all efforts at arbitration was forced into sending the ultimatum of last October. Events and documents found since then have proven that Britain's financiers were directly responsible for the terrible loss of life in South Africa.

We ask nothing of the United States except to preserve our liberty. Let her do that, and she will reap a reward politically and commercially. If Britain is willing to lose 30,000 men and to spend some $200,000,000 to conquer and annex the two republics, then they must be worth something to Britain's chief commercial rival—America. We shall need much in the future, and if America will help us now, in our hour of need, we will be grateful in a most practical manner.

In 1898 South Africa imported goods to the extent of $180,000,000. America can have the lion's share (the British lion's share) if she will only make an effort in our behalf. And if our efforts should fail, we will still bear a grateful remembrance in our hearts for the sympathy expressed for us. At the same time, an adverse decision here will not cause us to relinquish our efforts in behalf of liberty. We will go on fighting indefinitely. Defeat will not unnerve us. On the contrary, we will battle all the harder.

But come what may, success or not, the example set us by the young American colonies of one hundred and twenty-four years ago will ever be our guiding example. As they did, we will fight; as they did, we will sacrifice all; as they did, we will trust in God and keep our powder dry; as they did—we hope to win, that the cause of liberty may be strengthened—that the flags of the two South-African republics may fly freely in the heaving breezes of our beloved veldt—that justice may triumph and the greed of the financiers and politicians may come to naught.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury Conn.

Dear Sirs:—

I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,
Detroit, Mich.

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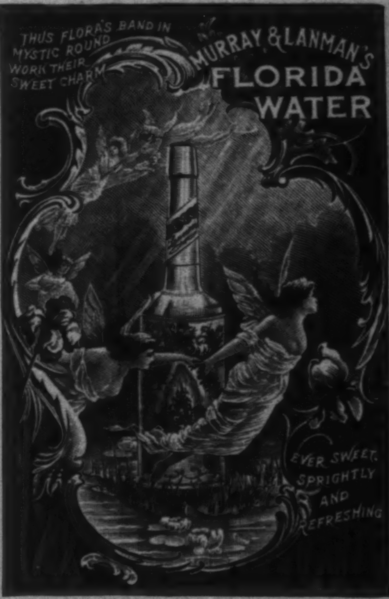
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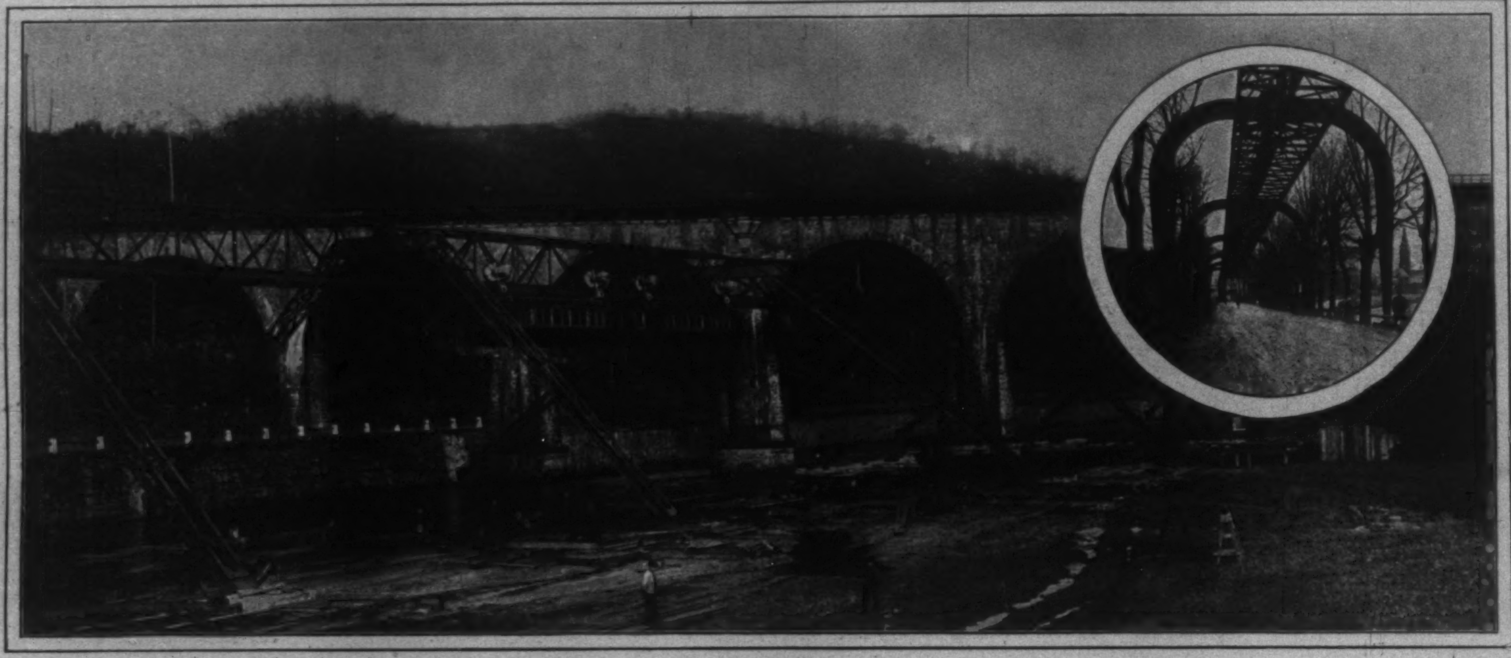


THE NEW ELECTRIC SUSPENSION RAILWAY AT BARMEN, GERMANY.

The cars are suspended on two rotary bogies 26.2 feet in length. The frame surrounds the rail carrier in such a manner that the wheels cannot rise from the rails, and the cars cannot slip off in case a fitting breaks or there is some other mishap. The current is fed by a contact shoe from the rail. The travelling speed is twenty-five miles an hour, and each car holds fifty passengers.

GENERAL ALFRED E. BATES.

Paying the Troops

THE pay department of the United States army is the one division of the military arm of the government which has entirely escaped criticism as to its ability to meet the changed conditions brought about by a large and sudden increase in the armed force of this country. There has been no ground for criticism, for the system which worked so well in time of peace was found fully adapted to a time of war, and over two hundred thousand men received their pay as promptly as did the twenty-five thousand which formerly constituted the army.

For twenty-seven years preceding the war with Spain twenty-five disbursing-officers, under the direction of a paymaster-general, paid annually to the twenty-five thousand soldiers of the United States nearly fourteen million dollars. When the war with Spain necessitated the increase of the army to nearly nine times its peace strength, eighty-seven paymasters were added to the regular force, and within fifteen months from April 1, 1898, these one hundred and twenty-five disbursing-officers paid out about seventy-seven million dollars to the American soldiers. After the Paris treaty was signed the number of paymasters was reduced to fifty-five, which is the number now in the service, and they are now paying out an average of three and a half million dollars each month.

The foundations of the present system were laid during the civil war, when in six years this department handled one billion dollars, at a total expense to the government, including salaries, cost of distribution, losses, captures, and defalcations, of less than three-quarters of one per cent. of the amount disbursed—a lower rate than any commercial institution would undertake to do the business for to-day. At the close of the civil war the department was gradually contracted to meet new conditions, all the best features being retained. Some changes have been made in the methods of paying since that time, but in the main the system stands now as it has stood for many years. During the civil war there was often great delay in getting the money to the soldiers. During the war with Spain there was seldom the slightest delay in making a payment as soon as it was due, no matter where the troops were, or whether they were in large or small bodies. Up to 1895 all payments were made in cash to each soldier, and a paymaster accompanied each payment to its final destination. The system now in force is for each chief paymaster to make an estimate of the money needed for his department. The sum total of these estimates is submitted by the paymaster-general to the Secretary of War, who approves the same, and issues a requisition upon the national Treasury. Each chief paymaster is responsible for his department to the paymaster-general, and the latter to the Secretary of War. The money for each chief paymaster is placed to his credit in such form or at such depositories as he may request, and from this money he pays all the soldiers on the rolls of his department.

Until the American troops went abroad, a check was drawn to each individual soldier for the amount due him. This was found impracticable in all cases, and, unless it is requested otherwise, the soldier in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines now gets his pay in cash. When it is possible to reach a post by an express route the pay for such post is sent by express in the form of checks or currency to the post paymaster. The drawback to the check system is that if a check is lost the soldier is compelled to give bond to the government and wait six months for a duplicate. Such a case has never yet arisen, though it is a possibility with every shipment of checks. If the checks for a regiment were lost, the entire command would be out the money for six months, and no provision is made for enabling a soldier to give a bond, an impossibility with a large percentage of the enlisted men.

Each month the chief paymaster in the Philippines cables to Washington as to how much he will need, and the denominations in which it is wanted. The shipments of money to the Philippines now average about one million dollars a month to pay the 63,500 men now there. It is sent in cash on a transport, and under the immediate charge of a paymaster, accompanied by an armed guard. The last shipment was nearly a million and a half of dollars, and 180 soldiers relieved one another standing guard night and day over this money during the long journey.

Paymaster-General Bates has recently inaugurated a system of cable exchanges through foreign banks, which has saved the shipment from this country of over twelve million dollars to the Philippines and about half a million to Cuba and Porto Rico. It has been found that the American gold sent to the Philippines does not stay there, as it is exchanged for native money by the soldiers, and then sent to Hong-kong by the merchants. It has been suggested that all customs and postage dues in the Philippines be made payable in American money, as one way of keeping this money in circulation.

Thaddeus H. Staunton was paymaster-general during nearly all of the war with Spain. He was succeeded by General Carey, who in turn was succeeded, April 12, 1899, by the present paymaster, Brigadier-General Alfred E. Bates. General Bates graduated from West Point in 1865, and in 1875, when a captain in the Second Cavalry, was made a major in the pay department. At the time of his appointment as paymaster-general by President McKinley he was serving as military attaché to the Court of St. James. General Bates does not retire until 1904, and is one of the most active and influential bureau officers stationed in Washington.

It has been proposed that the scope of the pay department should be extended to include all payments of money made by the military arm of the government, and it is not unlikely that some such legislation will in time prevail, as it is very generally advocated. At present the pay department does nothing except to pay the wages of officers and enlisted men. Under the proposed law all the expenditures of the quartermaster, subsistence, and other departments would be made through this channel, and there seems no good reason why they should not be.

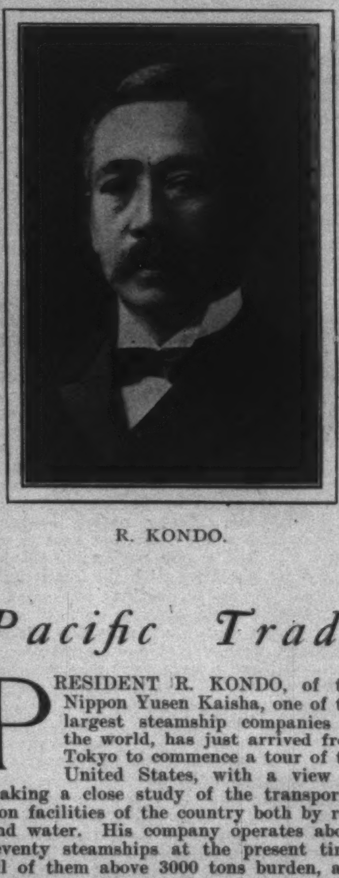
DECORATION DAY, 1900

BY E. S. MARTIN

Children of their children, now,
Heap with flowers their graves who fought
States to weld, and stoutly bought
Peace with blood and sweat of brow.

Mute their voices, deaf their ears;
But their graves are vocal still,
Speaking aye in tones that thrill
Words that strengthen with the years.

"Union," "Freedom"! Hark the cry!
Pledged to these falls every flower.
Pledged to these Earth's youngest Power
Fronts the lowering century.



R. KONDO.

Pacific Trade

PRESIDENT R. KONDO, of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, one of the largest steamship companies in the world, has just arrived from Tokyo to commence a tour of the United States, with a view to making a close study of the transportation facilities of the country both by rail and water. His company operates about seventy steamships at the present time, all of them above 3000 tons burden, and they engage in every line of trade in the world, except between New York and Liverpool. Mr. Kondo's company is enormously rich, and he is himself a multi-millionaire. His one hobby is the development of the American trade in the Orient, but along lines that will bring about the closest trade relations between the United States and Japan. He thinks that by such a commercial union the two countries can control the trade of China, and practically shut out the rest of the world. "There is plenty of capital in this country," he says, "and that is just what we lack in Japan for the development of our manufacturing industries. We have made our factories pay, and have never failed to find a market for our goods, but we have reached the limit of our money resources. Let the United States give us the capital, and we will turn Japan into the greatest work-shop in the world. China shall be our market. There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of China as a marketing-place for all kinds of manufactured products. We have already sold 15,000,000 yen of cotton yarn to China, and could sell more if we could get it. We have now 1,300,000 spindles going in Japan. The Pacific Mail Company is now talking of building twenty-knot steamships of 14,000 tons for its trans-Pacific business, and we hear the same reports concerning the Great Northern steamship service. The whole matter resolves itself into the question as to whether China will be opened by the great Russian railway or by the trans-Pacific steamship service."

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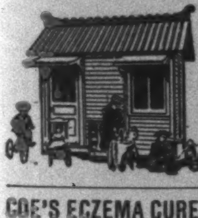

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The World of Finance

BY AMOS K. FISKE

THE New York stock-market has been chiefly concerned of late with certain of the industrial stocks, the gas companies furnishing the chief element of excitement. Their shares began to show exceptional strength upon reports of some mysterious movements for ending their competition and it soon came out that the Consolidated Company had practically absorbed its chief competitor, the New Amsterdam. Some time before a majority of the stock of the Standard had been acquired by the leading shareholders in the Consolidated, and it is expected that it will be virtually absorbed, establishing a gas monopoly in the Borough of Manhattan.

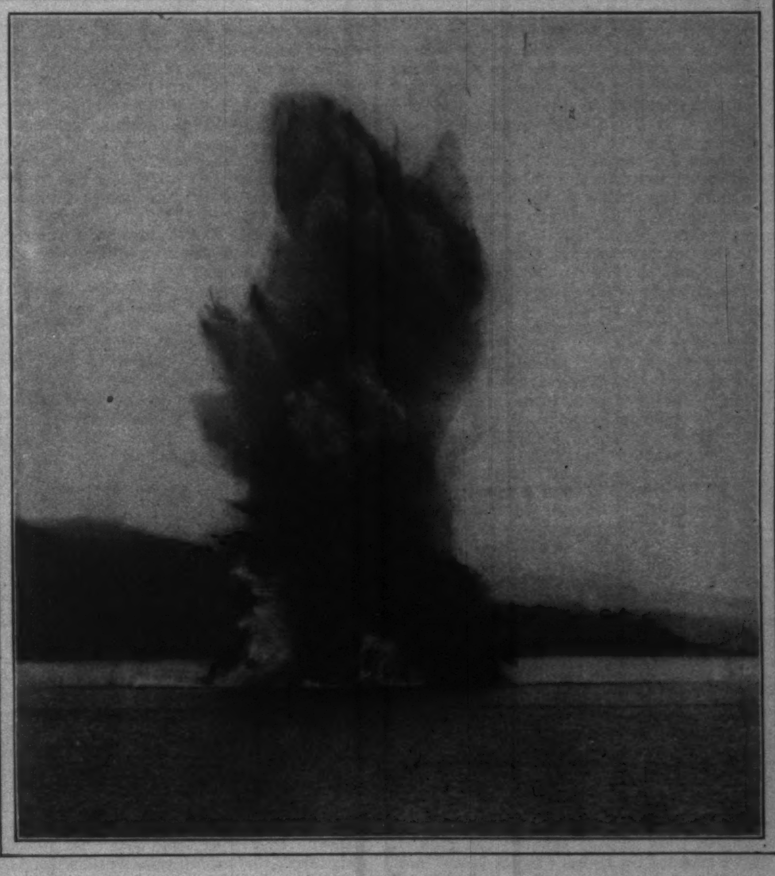
A year ago the capital stock of the Consolidated Company was $39,000,000. It was increased to $54,595,200 in the process of uniting with itself the New York Gas, Electric Light, Heat, and Power Company. It is now to acquire the stock of the New Amsterdam Company at 26 for the common and 50 for the preferred, paying in six-per-cent. debentures, to be redeemed on the 1st of May next with its own stock at 190. There is $12,000,000 of common stock of New Amsterdam issued, and $1,000,000 held in the treasury, and $9,000,000 of preferred stock. It has out also $21,500,000 of five-per-cent. bonds. Soon after this combination was effected the announcement was made that the price of gas would be fixed at $1 per thousand feet. Some years ago, when the legal limit was $1 25, a law was passed requiring a reduction of five cents each year until it was brought down to $1. The legal limit for the present year is $1 05. In May of last year the Consolidated reduced its price to 65 cents as an incident of the warfare between the companies, and some time later the New Amsterdam went down to 50 cents. The result was loss of dividends and a ruinous competition, which has effected the purpose probably aimed at by the strongest company of forcing a consolidation of all the companies under one control, and the practical establishment of the dollar rate for gas. The Consolidated Company has lately gone beyond the borders of Manhattan and invaded the Borough of the Bronx. By the absorption of the New Amsterdam it acquires the plant at Astoria and the tunnel under the East River.

Another element of activity in Wall Street has been the tobacco companies. On reports of the formation of a new company, to be called the International, with $25,000,000, to unite eleven independent concerns, the stocks of the American and the Continental were thrown into agitation, and furnished lively work for the speculators for a few days. The shares were worked up and down by reports and denials relating to this new competitor, one of the latest reports being that the American Tobacco Company, commonly called the Tobacco Trust, was quietly getting control of some of the concerns that were to have been combined in the new International Company.

The Sugar Trust, or American Sugar Refining Company, was another factor in keeping the stock-market alive, with the usual reports that the warfare with the independent refiners was to cease. There seemed to be no ground for these reports, but there was evidence of more activity in the refining business, and the price of refined sugar was advanced ten cents per hundred-weight. The steel stocks have continued to be weak and irregular, while prices of iron and steel have been sagging, and there has been here and there a curtailment of production, in consequence of the hesitation of buyers. There seems likely to be a gradual adjustment of iron and steel during the summer to slower rate of production and a lower level of prices.

Railroad shares are little dealt in on the stock-market nowadays, and the prices of most of them remain firm. The greatest strength, or disposition to advance, is shown by those of the Pacific railroads, Missouri Pacific keeping the lead under persistent reports that certain powerful capitalists of the Standard Oil Company have acquired an interest in the road, and that the development of the Southwestern system is to be pushed.

Money has continued very easy in the New York market, and the banks have been strengthening their reserves. Call loans have ruled as low as 1½ per cent., and 2 per cent. is the common rate, while money is loaned for sixty and ninety days at 3 per cent., and the best commercial paper is discounted at 3½ and 3¾. Foreign exchange has weakened, and although a moderate amount of gold has been sent to Paris within a few days, it was upon special inducements from the Bank of France. The London money-market continues easier, and seems to be well supplied after drawing considerable gold from Russia. In a general way the European situation is quiet and devoid of incident. The turn of affairs in South Africa has given a more hopeful tone to the markets, but they show very little activity.



DESTRUCTION OF SHAG ROCK, SAN FRANCISCO BAY, APRIL 30, 1900.

From a Copyrighted Photograph by Charles Weidner.

Nine tons of nitro-glycerine were used in the operation, and the contractor is entitled to $30,000 for his labors. At high tide the rock used to project only 10 feet above water. The contract called for a depth of 33 feet at low tide after the removal of the obstruction. The column of water shown in the illustration rose to a height of 1025 feet.

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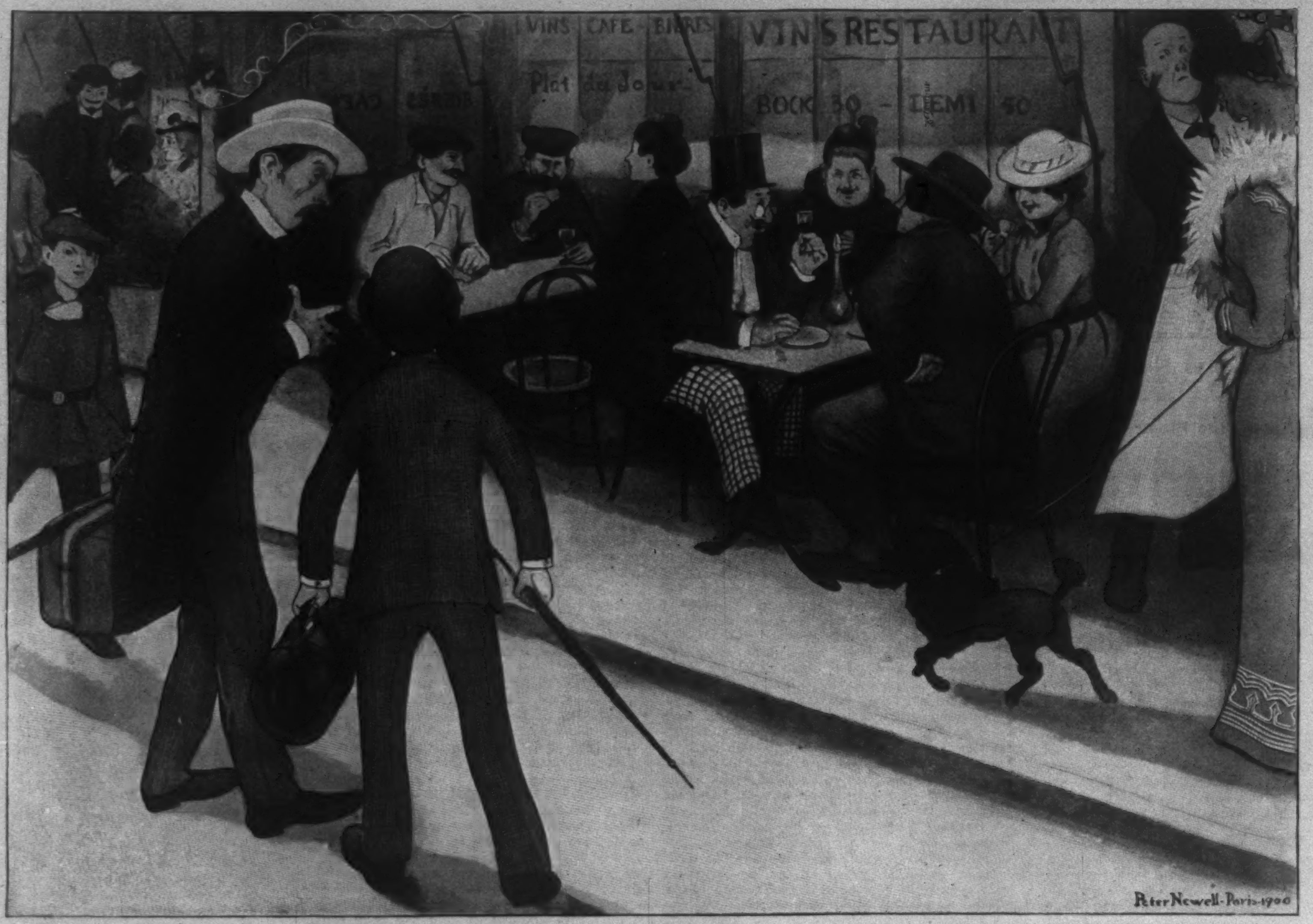


UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF. "Rafe, my boy, we're goin' to have a hard time findin' accommodations in this town, with the population overflowin' like that!"

The San Juan River

THE San Juan River, soon to be utilized in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, is now a part of the only regular route of communication between the more thickly populated and cultivated part of Nicaragua, on the fertile Pacific slope, and the Atlantic.

The traveller from Managua, the capital, goes by the government railway to Granada, a large city on the northwesterly shore of Lake Nicaragua. Here he takes the smart American-built twin-propeller *Victoria*, owned by the government and run on the lake in connection with the river boats of an English company having the privilege of navigating the San Juan. Lake Nicaragua has a bad reputation for roughness. The strong trade-winds have full sweep across its broad surface, and they raise a very choppy sea, which frequently discomforts even the hardiest of sailors. It is like Lake George on a larger scale. Groups of islands are scattered throughout its length of 110 miles. Near the centre, and off the westerly shore, the extinct volcano Ometepe, 5800 feet high, stands out like a sentinel in bold relief. A large group of islands, called Solentiname, is near the foot of the lake. Just above San Carlos the remains of one of the Vanderbilt steamers rise from the water, a monument to the pioneer boat and stage line across Nicaragua established by Commodore Vanderbilt in the early fifties for the transportation of men and supplies to the California gold-fields.

From San Carlos hill the view is beautiful. The Rio Frio, the chief tributary from Costa Rica, joins the San Juan at its mouth, and the course of the two broad streams can be followed for a considerable distance over the lowlands near the lake.

The river boats, stern-wheelers of very light draught, using wood entirely as fuel, make the trip down the San Juan between rolling foot-hills, with an occasional clearing. Farther down the steamer creates quite a stir among the animal life. Brilliant tropical birds are very numerous, lazy alligators slide from sun-heated sand bars into the water, and lively monkeys disappear in the dense underbrush, chattering an excited alarm. The course of the stream is fairly regular for the first few miles. Then comes a succession of sharp turns, and the pilot occasionally points out a reach of land selected as a "cut off" to straighten the sailing-line cf the canal. All the way down are marked the stations established by the surveying commission for ascertaining the strength of the current, the depth and evaporation of the water at different seasons.

At Castillo Viejo the rapids necessitate a transfer to another boat of the same type. Passengers and freight are carried from one landing to the other on broad hand-cars, and while the customs officers are examining the baggage and searching the boats for contraband, an opportunity is afforded to visit the old fort, built by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century to command the river. The present government maintains a small garrison here; but the massive walls, dungeons, drawbridges, and the long underground tunnel to the river have all succumbed to neglect and the crumbling effect of the climate, and the place is now hardly more than a picturesque ruin.

Some three miles below Castillo the pilot shows us the tree marking the Costa-Rican boundary, and from here to the Atlantic the south shore of the river is Costa Rica's northern boundary.

The vegetation becomes thicker as the elevation decreases, and it is quite impossible to see more than a few feet from the river-bank. Indeed, the bank itself can hardly be distinguished. Great trees, with trunks almost white, rise straight in the air for fifty feet or more, to avoid the overwhelming twisting vines and parasites, and then spread out their broad canopies of foliage to the tropical rains and the hot sun. All shades and varieties of green are in the continuous curtain of plant life; for coloring there are blossoming orchids, the prolific false plantain with its huge bright red blossom, and a profusion of wild flowers. As the lowlands are approached, palms are abundant and patches of wild sugar-cane relieve the heavier greens. There is a creeper which takes root in the crevices of high branches and grows down, drawing its sustenance from the tree until it reaches the ground, where it takes root, grows thick and strong, and finally surrounds and kills off the original tree, to be in turn preyed upon by some other variety of its kind.

The Machuca rapids, where the dam to raise the river to the lake-level will probably be constructed, is some thirteen miles below Castillo. Here are surface croppings of rock, the first visible from the river on the whole trip, except in the stream at Castillo.

All along, streams of greater or less volume flow into the San Juan from either side, the smaller ones almost obscured by the dense rank growth which completely arches them in.

The San Carlos, rising in Costa Rica, enters the San Juan twenty-eight miles from the fort. This is the largest of all its affluents. In the flood season this river carries down an immense quantity of drift-wood and silt, the accumulation of which has diverted the main body of water from the extreme lower San Juan to the Colorado at the delta. This digression has made the Colorado, formerly a small outlet of the San Juan, the main channel to the sea.

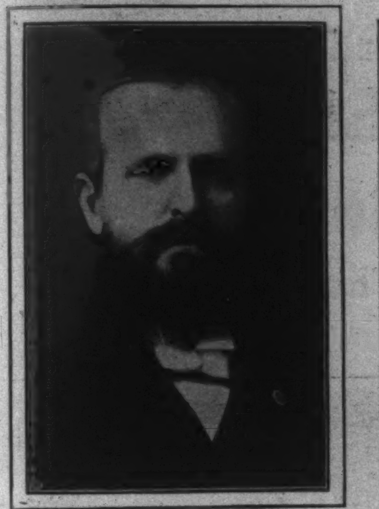
Ochoa, where the canal line leaves the natural bed of the river to cut through the swamp to Greytown, is four miles below the mouth of the San Carlos, and here the San Juan ceases to be of interest from the canal view-point. The banks are low for the rest of the way to Greytown, the vegetation dense, with but little variation; there is some banana cultivation, and a large rubber-camp has been established by Americans, to cultivate the gum-tree now so nearly extinct in the forests.

Greytown itself is uninteresting. The neglected property of the canal enterprise is seen on all sides. The railway has almost disappeared in the rank vegetation; its rails are nearly rusted away. The huge dredges, brought from the then defunct Panama works, have long since passed their days of usefulness and rest peacefully on the bottom of the harbor.

The trip across the big lake and down the 120 miles of the San Juan gives one the impression that Nature certainly has contributed her share to the uniting of the oceans. She has provided an abundant water-supply from an extensive watershed. Lake Nicaragua is an ample natural reservoir. The San Juan marks the natural course to the sea. It remains only for American ingenuity, energy, and capital to adapt these unequalled advantages to the necessities of the nation and the commerce of the world.

Search-Lights

THE new portable search-light that the Fire Department in New York has adopted for saving life on dark nights, and when smoke obscures the vision of the firemen, has already had its trial, and proved its serviceableness. The search-lights are placed on either side of the driver's seat, and, with 18-inch barrels and 6000 candle-power each, they throw such a powerful glare upon a burning building that nothing except brick walls and wooden partitions can stop it. The lights penetrate the deepest smoke that rolls up from a burning building, and the firemen have all the light they need to work by. By the old method firemen engaged on dark nights in rescuing people in burning buildings had to depend upon the feeble glare of the lanterns they carried. More than once a brave fireman has uselessly sacrificed his life in searching rooms in the dark that contained no one; but rather than risk losing one life every room of a burning building must be searched. By means of the new electric lights the whole interior of a burning building is made as plain as daylight, and firemen can tell at a glance from the window-ledge whether their presence is needed inside. The lights are made detachable, so they can be taken from the engine and set up on standards. They are also provided with 200 feet of flexible conducting-cables, which enables the firemen to run the search-lights out on a pier, or even into a building. One of the great fields for usefulness of this new apparatus is in lighting up the interior of boats when on fire. When a ship at the pier gets on fire the darkness in the hold makes it difficult for the firemen to control the flames. Dense volumes of smoke further obscure the point where the fire is burning, and sometimes ship and cargo are lost simply because the firemen are unable to locate the exact place of the fire. The portable search-light, which will soon be re-enforced by smaller incandescent lights for carrying in the hand, will make fire-fighting at night a much easier matter than in the past. Heretofore fire safeguards have been considered chiefly for the public; it is a wise move now to consider the firemen.



DR. DAVID T. DAY.

The Greatest American Industry

IN 1880 the tenth census estimated the mineral production of the United States for that year at $370,000,000. The figures for the year 1899 are now being compiled, and these will show that the value of the mineral production of this country has reached and passed annually the billion-dollar mark, or treble that of nineteen years ago. This is as much as Congress generally appropriates for the entire expense of running the government for two years. The only department of the government which represents and assists this great industry is that section of the Geological Survey known as the Division of Mineral Resources.

This division was organized in 1862 by Albert Williams, Jr., who resigned in 1885, and was succeeded by Dr. David T. Day, who was Mr. Williams's chief assistant, and who now continues at the head of the division. The principal work of this division is the preparation of an annual report on the mineral resources of the United States. This is a statistical compilation of the mineral productions of the country, with reviews of trade conditions, and comparisons with the production and development in other countries.

When this series of volumes was begun the facilities for obtaining accurate information were totally inadequate, and the statistics were based largely upon estimates. When Dr. Day took charge of the work he saw the necessity of more thorough statistical investigations, and his energies have been expended along that line.

The statistics as now compiled are secured from direct reports made by the producers, and this implies a correspondence every year with between thirty and forty thousand people. Statistical reports are uninteresting reading for the average person, but they are of great value to the student of economics and to the producers themselves, as they tell at a glance the condition of the business with which each one is most concerned.

Recent reports show, for instance, that in 1891 the United States passed Great Britain in the production of pig-iron, and since that time has led the world in that industry. Until 1899 Great Britain was the first country in the production of coal. During that year the United States also passed her in this product. Congress did not provide for a mineral exhibit at the Paris fair, but the Division of Mineral Resources prepared an educational exhibit which is striking in the position it gives the United States as by far the greatest mineral-producer of the world. Charts were prepared by Edward W. Parker, the statistician of the division, which illustrate this point in a most interesting manner.

When any new mineral localities are discovered or new applications of known substances are reported the locality or the substance is carefully studied and reported upon by some expert for the benefit of those interested. The mineral wealth of the new possessions of the United States have already been made the subject of preliminary study and report, especially in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

The total cost of the Division of Mineral Resources to the tax-payers is thirty thousand dollars a year, and this employs a force of about twelve experts and clerks, and pays for numerous special reports. Considering the great importance of the industry represented by this division, it absorbs less attention and less money from the government than any other branch.

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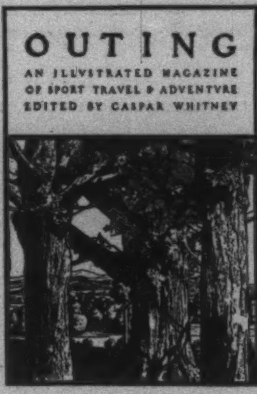

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